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A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

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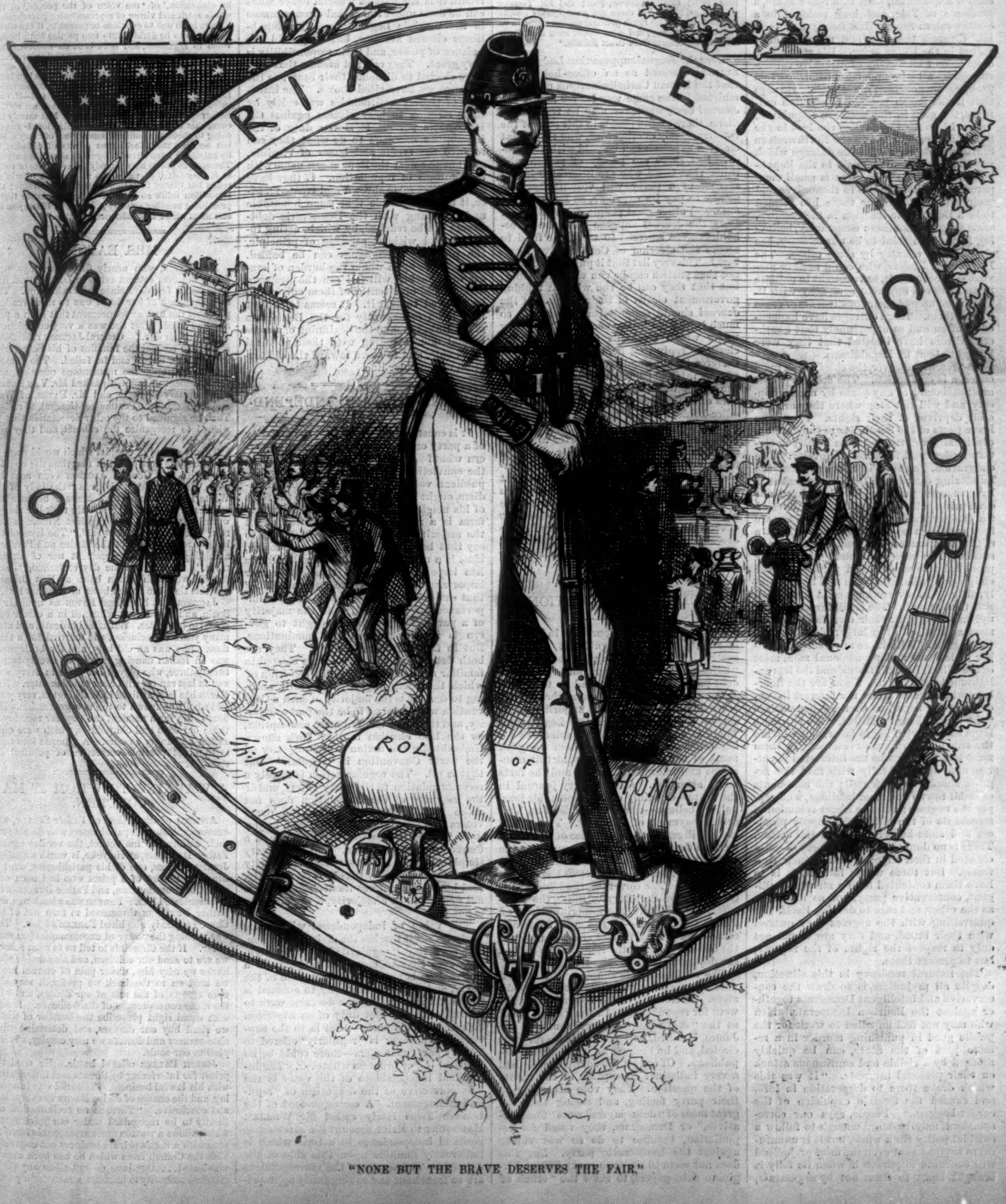

PRO PATRIA ET GLORIA
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"NONE BUT THE BRAVE DESERVES THE FAIR."

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 29, 1879.

☞ *With this Number of* HARPER'S WEEKLY *our readers will receive the third Number of* HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE, *an illustrated weekly journal for boys and girls.*

The fourth issue of HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE *will be sent out with the next Number of* HARPER'S WEEKLY.

A brilliant serial story, by GEORGE MACDONALD, *with illustrations by* FREDERICKS, *will shortly be begun in* HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE.

PARTY LINES IN SOUTHERN STATES.

THE views of intelligent native Southern Republicans deserve especial attention, as they know the situation familiarly and instinctively. We have received a letter from such a Republican, born in a Slave State, a graduate of Yale, and long resident in a Southwestern State. His family was "Union" through the war, and members of it served in the Union army. His statements seem to us well worthy of attentive consideration by all who understand how grave a problem the Southern question is. He says that if the South persists in election outrages, the gain in the Northern Republican vote will go far to equalize the loss in the South, and emigration to the Northwestern States will do the rest. The damage which the Southern whites may do to the Republican party and the country is small compared with what they do to themselves and their party. Whenever there has seemed to be a Democratic reaction in the country, some sanguine Southern community, believing further restraint to be unnecessary, has shocked the country by some crime. The Democratic leaders, who could neither prevent it nor punish it, have sought to palliate it, and showed apparent sympathy with it. They must uphold their constituents or cease to lead them. These outrages have happened so often and so opportunely that Southern editors have insisted that they were brought about by Republicans.

At present, however, the chief check upon outrage is emigration. The colored people are not bound to any place by much property, and will not stay where they are forcibly deprived of their rights. They even leave parts of the South where they are exceptionally well treated, from loyalty to certain leaders and fondness of novelty. The emigration, however, is heaviest from the bulldozing districts. Yet the movement is by no means purely political, perhaps not even principally so, as far as the motives of the colored people are concerned. They are in a condition to be easily affected, and a slight inducement will send them away in shoals. The colored element has already produced two well-defined parties, and the emigration will define them still more plainly, although they are kept solid by opposition to the North. The small farmers of the uplands who work their own farms are almost as hostile to the larger planters as to the negroes. With these are a certain number of lawyers and professional men, most of the editors in small towns, and the less enlightened population. These are the Bourbons who have no desire nor interest in conciliating the negroes. On the other side are "the much-abused planters," who cultivate large estates with negro labor, and who are the true Southern conservatives. To them must be added all who are interested in cotton, and who naturally wish that the negroes should be contented; the merchants of small towns and river landings, who supply the negroes; and the larger commission merchants of the cities, who supply planters and store-keepers, and sell the cotton. There is no doubt that the negroes are sadly cheated in their supplies and in their contracts. But those whose interest it is to have them contented form a strong, intelligent, conservative party, not so numerous as the other, and sure to develop itself. In quarrelling with the negroes they quarrel with their bread, and they are bound not only to respect the rights of the negroes, but to protect them.

The natural tendency in this situation, despite all prejudices, is to draw the conservative and intelligent Democrats together against the Bourbon Democrats. Men who may not feel impelled to work for the public good in punishing murder in a remote part of the State, can be quickly aroused by a visible and continuous attack on their personal interests. "It was this which drove them to desperation in 1875, and caused the forcible expulsion of the carpet-baggers." People, says our correspondent, may be blind enough to follow a suicidal policy for a while, but it is unnatural to suppose that even the most prejudiced will continue to pursue it when its folly is brought home to them not by arguments, but by home thrusts of fact. Our correspondent's feeling is that there is little use in multiplying laws where law is little respected, and that true statesmanship requires that the Southern States be left, so far as practicable, to work out their own salvation. The national government he thinks may rightfully protect national elections, but the evils of the situation are not remediable either by legislation or military force. Such views are the views of Republicans who have an immediate and vital personal interest in the section in which they live.

PAYING THE PARTY WAY.

THE Indianapolis *Journal* recently said:

> "'Political assessments' mean something in Great Britain. The *Scotsman* prints a list of subscriptions which have been given to secure the return of Conservatives to Parliament from Scotch burghs at the next election, among which are the Duke of Buccleuch, $5000; Central Association, $5000; the Duke of Richmond, $2500; the Earl of Moray, $2500; the Marquis of Bute, $2500; the Earl of Wemyss, $1500; Lady CAMPBELL, $500; Lord GLASGOW, $500; and Sir THOMAS GLADSTONE, $250. Yet there are goody-goody people in this country who think political parties ought to be run without money, and who would have us borrow civil service reform from Great Britain."

Does the *Journal* suppose that Lady CAMPBELL is assessed as an office-holder? or that the Roman Catholic Marquis of Bute is mulcted in the same way? We assure the *Journal* that, whatever may be true in Indiana, there are no people in this part of the country, goody or otherwise, who think that election expenses can be paid without money. But there are plenty of people who think that those who are interested in the success of a party will voluntarily give money to pay its expenses, as Lady CAMPBELL and other good people do in Scotland. Does the *Journal* suppose that the office-holders were assessed to swell the fund to secure the election of Conservative members? The very list that it publishes proves, not that parties can be run without money, but that they can be run without robbing government clerks of their wages. If the *Journal* should suggest that nobody is so much interested in the success of the party under which he holds as a government clerk, we reply that he, and not a State or Congressional committee, is to be the judge of that interest; and we reply further that the surest way to stop supplies from members of the party is to persuade them that office-holders ought to pay the party expenses.

There is no objection whatever to a subscription from any office-holder which is really voluntary. But it is practically impossible under a system of patronage that it should be voluntary. The public offices ought to be sold at open auction to the highest bidder, or the incumbent should be effectively protected from robbery. The *Journal* offers the most conclusive proof that the system of political assessments is wholly unnecessary.

VICTORY OF REPUDIATION IN VIRGINIA.

OF the autumn elections, that in Virginia is among the most significant and suggestive. It was a struggle between the "adjusters," or repudiators, and the honest debt-payers of the State, and to the great shame of honorable Virginians the repudiators have secured a small majority—from six to ten probably—in the Legislature. There is a general feeling of grief and indignation, among those to whom the good name of the State is precious, at this monstrous and unexpected result, and the facts merit attention. Almost every journal in the State—certainly every respectable journal, we believe—was on the side of an honorable payment of the debt. The pulpit, the intelligence, the enterprise of the State, were on the same side. Men went upon the stump to oppose repudiation who had not come out from their retirement since the war ended. The Governor, the Lieutenant-Governor, the Secretary of State, the Treasurer, the Auditors, the Superintendent of Public Instruction—all the great State officers—took an active and energetic part in the discussion. Yet the Repudiators carried the day, and command the Legislature.

The explanation is simple. The colored vote was cast almost solidly for the repudiators. In Norfolk, of 169 colored votes, 154 were for repudiation. In the "black belt," as the "south-side country," south of the James, is called, only one "debt-payer" was elected, and he because he was a stanch Republican. Of course the colored voters had a very indistinct conception of the merits of the question. They vote according to their party feeling, and seeing that the great mass of "debt-payers" were "Conservatives," or Democrats, they voted for repudiation, because to do so was voting against the Democratic party. But this does not seem to us, as to many honest Virginian debt-payers, to show the "crime of conferring negro suffrage." It is the logical result of the treatment of the negroes by the intelligent white citizens. Why do the mass of the colored voters array themselves against the debt-paying policy? Simply because it is supported by those whom the colored voters have found not to be their friends. If the pulpit, the intelligence, the enterprise, if all the natural leadership of Virginia, had from the hour of emancipation befriended the freedmen, the freedmen would not now vote against a project merely because that leadership advocated it. Upon that point there can be but one sound conclusion. The colored race is docile and sympathetic. Its sympathy and support could easily have been won by the native whites. The color line was drawn not by the negroes, but by the whites. It was the Ku-Klux, and the Raiders, and the White League, and the rifle clubs, and the Knights of the White Camellia, which have given the Virginia repudiators the majority.

But while this may explain the unhappy result, it is the part of wisdom to see what can be done under the actual circumstances in the Virginia Legislature. The Republicans elected are few, but they hold the balance of power, and their responsibility is very great. They can not assume that they were elected to dishonor their State, as the instance we have cited shows. The intention of their constituencies was solely by their election to bear witness against the Democratic party. It is the duty of the Republican members to do what they can to save the credit and honor of Virginia, and not to smear the Republican name with the foulness of repudiation. If they have among them some shrewd and trusted leader, it is very possible that some honorable understanding with the Democratic debt-payers can be reached, by which, acting together and without sacrifice of principle, the plots of demagogues can be baffled. The citizens upon whom the burden of honest debt-paying will fall are the property owners, and nine-tenths of them only ask to be allowed to bear it. It seems to us that here is an opportunity for the Democrats of Virginia to make the beginning of a more cordial understanding with their political opponents, and to move toward the obliteration of the color line.

REGULARITY AND INDEPENDENCE.

IT is constantly asserted that the majority of a party ought to govern. Ought to govern what? Ought the majority to govern the convictions of the members? If a Republican voter is not afraid of rebel brigadiers, ought he to vote according to the fears of his neighbors? Or if he thinks that reform is a most important question, ought the majority to force him to vote so as to say that he does not think so? Of course, if he is a man of sense, he will subordinate less important issues to those of greater importance. But is there any "machine" that can decide the question of relative importance for him? All that the majority of a party can govern and ought to govern is its declarations and nominations. But in fact it governs neither. They are both determined by Conventions elected in familiar methods, and with the selection of which the party majority has really nothing to do. It is the majority of such a Convention which claims to be the party majority, and the claim is often mere assumption, as the late election in New York shows. Undoubtedly the action of the majority of the party Convention is "regular." But that is all. The regular action is merely a recommendation to the party voters, and if the majority of the Convention does not make recommendations which the party voters will adopt, it is a very foolish majority. Nobody denies that the majority of a Convention must decide. But he is very simple who does not know that the majority of a Convention may decide very absurdly. And how can it enforce its decisions? It is not enough to be a majority, if the majority is not wise.

The value of independence within the party is that it teaches the majority caution. It shows that "regularity" is not enough. It proves that to carry the majority of a Convention is not to secure the vote of the party, and that the best way to succeed is to deserve success. If the doctrine were to prevail that the first duty of an American citizen is to his party—that is, to the support of whatever is "regularly" offered to him by party managers—there could be no political life or progress whatever. The individual independence of the voter is the only corrective of the despotism of "regular" management. A correspondent of the London *Times* lately called Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT to strict account for sneering at political independence in a tone which is ludicrously familiar upon this side of the Atlantic. The words of the correspondent are so trenchant and so singularly appropriate to our own political situation that we quote them at length:

> "Education, temperament, the attractions of logic, or a hundred slight mental accidents incline the majority of mankind to one party or the other. They acknowledge the reality of the considerations on both sides, they recognize the necessity for fair judgments between them, but they habitually estimate certain considerations as being of greater value than the opposing ones, and this in practice makes them fairly steady supporters of the Liberal or the Conservative cause. But it does emphatically condemn those who can or will only see one set of considerations, and regard them with superstitious worship. Such men do great harm to the political body in many ways, and would do more were not their influence partly annulled by their doubles in the opposite party. That distinguished politicians should habitually praise them for 'being in earnest,' and 'knowing their own minds,' is deeply to be regretted.
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> "There is a vague idea current that though impartiality and independence in politics may be defensible in theory, they are of no use in practice. A more shallow delusion never entered the human brain. They are factors essential to the health of any democratic community. They are the conscience of the country that rewards or punishes its public men, and their extinction means the debasing of political morality, and the substitution in the long-run of violence for argument. What is to become, I wonder, of 'government by discussion,' of 'the voice of the people,' of the whole spirit and virtue of representative government, if there is no one to convince or persuade, if the whole country is to be divided into two parties both impervious to argument, and both bent on subordinating everything to the object of returning their representatives to power?
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> "If ever there was a time in our history when independent men, liberal Conservatives and conservative Liberals, should make their existence felt—if ever there was a time when responsible statesmen should encourage their existence—it is now. Not merely because that huge parasite, party organization, is threatening to choke the political honesty out of every voter, but because the mischievous effects of disbelief in its existence have already begun to show themselves. The party in power have already behaved once or twice as if they felt that there was no support to win or retain but that of their thorough-going partisans; the opposition think so little of their importance that a prominent member actually goes out of his way to insult them with a silly misrepresentation."

MRS. EATON.

MRS. EATON, who nearly fifty years ago produced the first cabinet crisis in our political history, died a few days since in Washington. The announcement of her death was to most readers probably the first announcement that such a person had lived. But she was a very conspicuous figure "in her day." General JACKSON ridiculously tried to compel the families of his Secretaries to visit MRS. EATON, and he failed. The cabinet was divided upon the momentous question, and the President undoubtedly asked MR. VAN BUREN, the Secretary of State, and MR. EATON, of War, and MR. BARRY, the Postmaster-General, to resign. Then he signified to the other Secretaries that he wished to reorganize the cabinet, and they also resigned.

This is a kind of scandal which would seem to be impossible now. But at that time the country rang with it. General JACKSON even sent his niece, MRS. DONELSON, who was "the lady of the White House," home to Tennessee because she would not visit MRS. EATON. He took her side as warmly as he took sides against NICHOLAS BIDDLE; but as MR. CALHOUN said, "The laws of the ladies are like those of the Medes and Persians, admitting neither of argument nor of amendment." As a wit of the day remarked, "JACKSON did well with cotton bales at New Orleans, but this time the cotton bales are against him."

JACKSON sent his friend EATON as minister to Spain, and MRS. EATON remained in a career congenial to her tastes. But after his death, and after many years of seclusion, she married for a third time. She was an old lady, and the bridegroom was an Italian dancing master of twenty-two or twenty-three, who played her false in every way, and at last ran off with her granddaughter. MRS. EATON has latterly lived in Washington, very poor, and wholly unknown to the new generation. Her death stirs for a moment the popular memory of those old days and old politics, which were quite as hot and angry as ours. A glimpse into them is the best possible corrective of political despondency.

A WARNING TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN.

APROPOS of the action of Father SCULLY, who excommunicates his parishioners who do not send their children to his school, the verdict against Father DUFRESNE, at Holyoke, is worth attention. JOSEPH PARKER, one of his parishioners, went to hear the lecture of a priest who had been converted to Protestantism, and Father DUFRESNE excommunicated him. PARKER was a hackman, and Father DUFRESNE threatened to turn out of the Church anybody who hired PARKER's hack. This was pushing the power of excommunication rather far. If the Church is to tell us to what schools we are to send our children, and also decide what hacks we may hire, under pain of eternal fire if we hold on to the hack we prefer, it may also take charge of the rest of our doings, and with the same consequences of disobedience. It may with equal right prescribe the butcher of whom we shall buy our dinners, and determine what shoe-makers and doctors we may employ, without peril to our souls.

JOSEPH PARKER offered battle. He sued the priest for interfering by threats and intimidation with his lawful business. The trial was interesting, and the charge of Judge BACON was very clear and conclusive. "There is no ecclesiastical authority to be recognized under our government which allows a wanton and unreasonable interference with a man's private business not connected with the Church from which he has been excommunicated.... Our laws do not allow any ecclesiastical authority to interdict a man from pursuing his ordinary business, or prevent even the members of the same denomination from which he has been excommunicated to deal with him."

Is there any intelligent citizen of Father Dufresne's faith who would question the justice of such a principle? The State must look very closely after the conduct as citizens of those who wield the tremendous power of spiritual and eternal reprobation. If a minister may properly use this power to ruin a hackman who is carrying on an honest business, he may with equal right dictate from the pulpit under fearful penalties every detail of his parishioners' lives, and by interfering with honest trade put the whole community by the ears. So thought the jury. They were out only an hour, and returned a verdict of $3433 damages against Father Dufresne. Had the jury been composed entirely of intelligent members of the father's own parish, we hope they would have given the same just judgment.

THE CRUSADE AGAINST THE PUBLIC SCHOOLS.

The hostility of Roman priests to the public-school system has been illustrated once more in the conduct of Father Scully, at Cambridgeport, in Massachusetts. This clergyman practically excommunicates his parishioners who do not send their children to his parochial school instead of the public school. Before doing this, however, he ought certainly to engage that his school shall be equally efficient. But he does not, and his school is notoriously inefficient. Father Scully, therefore, imposes upon his parishioners the disagreeable alternative of an unmentionable place for themselves in another world, or a wretched school for their children in this world. This seems to be a very foolish thing for any clergyman to do, and Americans in general would smile at it, and send their children to free schools where they can be well taught rather than pay to have them ill taught. But Father Scully's position is that of the official authorities of his Church, and he is sustained by his archbishop.

As it stands, it is a matter between Father Scully and his parishioners. He has refused the last religious offices to dying parents because they had sent their children where they believed they would be well taught, and the families of such parents are of a kind which is powerfully affected by such conduct. In the case of those who are not born in this country the Scully treatment will probably succeed, and they will yield. But those who are American born will be inclined to select for their children such schools as they prefer.

The incident concerns the public only as another illustration of the policy of the Church in which Father Scully is a minister, and which holds that it ought to have exclusive charge of the education of youth. This pretension, which is not allowed even in many European countries, has no chance here. Its purpose, however, is plain. It aims at the destruction of the American common-school system. If the ministers of the Roman Church could persuade all their people to withdraw their children from the public schools, they would then demand that Romanists should not be taxed for the support of such schools. They seek to make their Church an *imperium in imperio*, to separate a large body of American citizens from their fellows, and to keep them politically and socially under supreme ecclesiastical control. It is well to bear this purpose in mind, and to understand that conduct like that of Father Scully has quite as much reference to the power of his Church here as to the welfare of his parishioners' souls hereafter.

HOW THEY DO IT IN RUSSIA.

The liberty and license of the press is a favorite topic of that class of Americans who distrust republican institutions, and who admired the empire of Louis Napoleon. Many of them decline to vote. They are very sure that the ignorant and vulgar are always in the majority—"*et voilà*, there is your famous republic. Then what low ribaldry in the papers! You invite everybody to take part in public affairs, and then lie about candidates, and blackguard them day and night. *Merci!* I prefer a government of gentlemen and a monarchy." And how about the "society papers" in London? Their gross ribaldry, their unprincipled private assaults, are wholly unparalleled by anything in our republican newspaper annals. As for "gentlemanly tone," let our critic turn back to Lord Beaconsfield's newspaper contest with the London *Globe*, or his Parliamentary attacks upon Sir Robert Peel. He will concede that public decency and political and journalistic respectability are really not peculiar to monarchies.

Or let our critic consider the recent "warning" to the Russian press. There is the repression which he admires. There is the paternal tone which he would fain hear from our own government. The Russian authorities have informed the newspapers what subjects they may discuss, and how far they may venture in discussion. Does that seem to our critic preferable to our own freedom, checked by the sense of public decency and the law of libel? Could self-respecting men engage in editorial work if they were to be treated like children, and told what they might say? The same power which dictates to the papers, and by the same right, would instruct our critic what he might say. If such a policy is necessary in half-barbarous countries, would any American seriously wish to introduce it here?

The Metternich tyranny and the Spielberg were a government of "gentlemen" and a monarchy. The vulgar empire of De Morny and Louis Napoleon in France was a monarchy—we can not say a government of gentlemen. Was life nobler, was the social tone higher, was there a greater general well-being, in those countries than in this, "where the ignorant and vulgar are always in the majority?" It is remarkable that when an American thinks that a select class should govern, he unconsciously assumes that he is to be one of the governors.

JULLIEN.

"Yet Jullien died penniless nearly twenty years ago in a Parisian lunatic asylum." This is the conclusion of a paragraph about the once-noted musician which we find in a pleasantly gossiping letter from London in the new *Musical Review*, just established in this city, of the management of which we know enough to believe that the weekly issue will be very entertaining, instructive, and impartial. There are many of our readers who are musically inclined who will remember the summer evening promenade concerts of Jullien at Castle Garden twenty-five and twenty-six years ago. It was before the "Ring" had smoothed the Battery, and long before the day of the elevated railroad. There were a few of the old mansions upon State Street which the families had not yet deserted. It was, in fact, the very end of the period when the neighborhood of the Battery was a fashionable residence.

The Jullien concerts were generally composed of popular music—waltzes, quadrilles, selections from operas, overtures, whatever was light and sparkling and tuneful and attractive, with sometimes a symphony; and Jullien himself was part of the performance, with his large person showily dressed, and conducting with elaborate affectation. But he was an admirable conductor, firm, precise, persuasive, and the orchestral work under his baton was always "crisp" and full of "snap." Jullien was simply a "sensationalist" in musical performance, but, as the correspondent of the *Musical Review* says, he used humbug as a means to an end, that end being the popularizing of the best music.

He adds that Berlioz, his worst and most caustic enemy, admitted his knowledge of music, and he then describes Jullien: "Clad in dress coat and pants, a white waistcoat, an elaborately embroidered shirt front, cuffs of great length, and turned up over the sleeves; a new pair of white kid gloves was handed to him on a silver salver, and he rose to conduct with a jewelled baton the allegretto of one of the Beethoven symphonies. Anon he would sink, apparently exhausted, in a chair of velvet and gold, mopping his wide forehead with a lace handkerchief. The people went to see the man, but remained to admire the music." Does anybody play the "Prima Donna Waltz" or the "Katydid Polka" nowadays?

A LESSON IN CIVIL SERVICE REFORM.

Suitable tributes have been paid, both in England and the United States, to the memory of the late Sir Rowland Hill; the value of his great services to the world has been fully recognized, but the story of his life is worth rehearsing many times as a lesson in civil service reform. Civil service reformers in this country are met with the taunt that they are mere theorists; they are told that they are in pursuit of a chimera, and that the men who "are inside politics" know best how to administer the state. It may all be so; but Sir Rowland Hill when he proposed postal reform had never been inside of a post-office. A surplus revenue had led to a consideration of possible reductions of taxation. With the official list before him, Sir Rowland looked for those taxes which, notwithstanding the growth of the country in population, had yielded no increase of returns. He fastened upon the tax on letters as the most conspicuous of this class; and starting from this point, he reasoned out a scheme of cheap postage. It was next to impossible for him at first to discover the aggregate of the correspondence of Great Britain: the Postmaster-General, who was an opponent of change, reported at one time the number of paid letters carried in one year to be 170,000,000, and then again only 42,000,000. Sir Rowland had to find out as best he could from other sources the cost of carrying a letter. He did find out that the total expense was only one-thirty-sixth of a penny; the charge for every letter was for all but the shortest distances a shilling.

Here was an example of a reform reasoning out, as one might say, *a priori*, but despite official hostility. Sir Rowland Hill had the support of the country, and Parliament was compelled to concede the principle of cheap postage. He was not, however, allowed a position in the Post-office, in which and from which to organize the new system. He was put in the Treasury, without any authority over the Post-office Department. He was engaged for two years only, and at the end of that period unceremoniously turned out. Six years after Parliament had resolved on cheap postage—that is, in 1846—Sir Rowland Hill was for the first time given a position in the Post-office itself, and then only that of secretary to the Postmaster-General. Not till 1854—a delay of fourteen years—was he made sole Secretary of the Department, with power to carry out his views.

He had still another difficulty—that of fixing Post-office appointments by merit, ascertained by examination. Rather than surrender the principle, he at last went out of office. That point has, however, been carried; the franking privilege has been abolished, so that Queen Victoria pays her postage like the humblest Englishwoman; and Sir Rowland Hill, after his long battle, retired from public life with the honor of knighthood, a vote of public money, a pension, a doctorate from Oxford, the freedom of the city of London—in short, with every testimonial which his countrymen could with propriety give him.

The work of Sir Rowland Hill has not, however, stopped with England. If not the author, he was the inspirer of Post-office reform all over the civilized world. This, one of the greatest administrative revolutions of the century, was effected by an Englishman who was not connected with a great family, had no political connections, and no experience in public life. In fact, he was a school-master, who had managed his school on very original principles, one of which was the abolition of the corporal punishment of his boys. He was a civil service reformer who is recognized as a great practical benefactor. Its friends in this country may point with well-assured confidence to the noble example of Sir Rowland Hill.

ENGLISH AGRICULTURE AND LAND LAWS.

The influence of America upon England is not only direct, but indirect. Our example of popular education and the separation of the church and state has had a visible effect upon English legislation; and now the flooding of Europe with cheap American food gives new life to the question of English land reform. The latest facts in regard to the harvest of 1879 throughout Great Britain confirm the gloomy forebodings of early summer. It was hoped that the better weather of the first week of September would enable the farmers to harvest their grain in reasonably good condition; but bad weather quickly returned, and the crop has, says an English authority, "been hurried to the ricks either in an immature, soft state, or, at the best, more damp than it should be, quite unfit for the miller, and liable to destructive fermentation." If the almost total loss of the wheat crop were all, there might be some relieving light shed upon this gloomy picture; but, says this same authority, "there does not seem to be a compensating feature in any direction. In every direction, in every crop, there has been more or less of failure. It is scarcely too much to say that for the last two months the staple of our bread has been of American origin, while since the end of July, when our wheat crops were only just in the ear, we have to a very large extent been fed upon American wheat of the new crop."

The agricultural depression, which has existed for more than five successive years, and its causes, are now under discussion by some of the best minds of England. Mr. Shaw-Lefevre delivered an address upon the subject before the British Association at its recent annual meeting in Sheffield. Mr. William E. Bear, the editor of the *Mark Lane Express*, calls attention to the "Public Interest in Agricultural Reform." Mr. Gladstone intimates that reform of the land laws may be placed at the head of the Liberal declaration of principles in the coming general election. The concentration of the land of England in the hands of a few proprietors has not proved the advantage to the culture of the soil which some have claimed it to be. Many estates are held by owners who are restricted by the conditions of entail, and who can neither "do justice to the land nor sell it." According to Mr. Bear, "four-fifths of the land of England is held by limited owners, whose interests are directly opposed to any expenditure in improvements upon it, even when they are sufficiently wealthy to make improvements, and who have no power to sell any portion of their property." Rents of land have so fallen that revenue from this source has sensibly diminished; many leases have been so encumbered with landlords' restrictions that tenants find it impossible to go on at the old rates. In a volume on *Free Trade in Land*, the late Joseph Kay has pointed out three classes of land laws which need to be abolished before the agricultural interest can be adequately relieved. They are:

"1. The laws which allow a land owner, by his deed or his will, to prevent his land being sold, or seized, or lessened in size, either during his own life or for many years after his death.

"2. The laws which, if the land owner does not avail himself of his power to make such a deed or will, gives all his land, without diminution or change, and in one undivided estate, to the land owner's next heir. This is the law of primogeniture.

"3. The laws which allow the land owner, without selling any portion of his estate, to let portions for long terms, from 99 to 999 years, and to subject them to all kinds of covenants, which affect those portions for generations after the death of the land owner, and after a change of all the circumstances under which the leases were made."

Thus the events of each successive year prove the greatness of Mr. Gladstone's far-reaching views of the legislation needed for the prosperity of England, for the advocacy of which he was expelled from office. His energetic reform of time-honored abuses alarmed the Conservative instincts of the English people, and he suffered the usual penalty of being in advance of the majority of his countrymen. But the failure of the Conservatives to offer any sufficient remedy for the present distress will make Mr. Gladstone's opportunity. No later than last July a Conservative member of the British Parliament proposed the levying of a protective duty on foreign agricultural products. This may have been done for effect, or as we Americans say, "for buncombe;" but the reluctance of Lord Beaconsfield and his followers to enter upon land reform is well known. Time, which always brings its revenges, will again make Mr. Gladstone the embodiment of the thought and purpose of the people of England; and after a not very long "rest and be thankful" period, the country will again direct its attention to the removal of class privileges. Thus the pressure of American trade in the open market is affecting English legislation, and the commercial results of democracy here are making England more democratic.

PERSONAL.

Mr. Browne, M.C. from Indiana, was recently entertaining a circle of friends with his opinion of the leading men in Congress. "Garfield," said he, "is by far the ablest man in the House. Among the Northern Democratic members, Cox and Fernando Wood stand foremost, and on the Republican side, after Garfield, would follow Kelley, and Frye and Reed of Maine. These gentlemen have all been in Congress many years, and sustain themselves by their industry. I always know when Cox is to make a speech by his absence. He prepares himself with great care. It is safe to say that the ablest men of the House are the most industrious, and the member who presumes to speak without having made the most careful preparation will very soon lose his influence and standing."

—Mr. John D. Long, Governor elect of Massachusetts, is the youngest man ever elected Governor of that State, being only forty-one years old. He is a native of Maine, a graduate of Harvard, and after some service as principal of Westford Academy, became a prominent member of the Boston bar. He has served four years in the Legislature, and for three years was Speaker. Last year he was elected Lieutenant-Governor, receiving the largest number of votes cast for any candidate. He is spoken of as a gentleman of very pleasing address and of modest and unassuming manners.

—Mr. Gilbert proved himself something of a Yankee in renouncing the publication of his play *Engaged* in England as a book, thus being enabled to retain his ownership of the play in this country at common law. He has already received $12,500 for its performances in the United States.

—Mr. Gladstone is actively assisting in establishing in London a branch of the Old Catholic sect.

—When the late Charles Sumner was one evening in the House of Lords with Lord Clarendon, he was introduced to many notables, among others to Bishop Wilberforce. "I told the bishop," said Mr. Sumner, "that one of the pleasures I had anticipated in England was to hear him speak. The bishop was evidently pleased by the compliment, but said he was not prepared, and that he would not venture to deliver anything crude in the presence of such a critic. When I renewed my wishes, he courteously but firmly declined. A few minutes later I met Lord Clarendon, and told him of the conversation. His lordship smiled, and then, with a merry light in his eyes, exclaimed, 'He tells you he won't speak!' 'Yes,' I replied; 'he regrets that he is not prepared.' 'Then you mark my word: if the bishop says that, you will be sure to hear him.' 'How is that?' I inquired. 'Oh, the bishop is an excellent man, but he doesn't keep the eleventh commandment.' My risibles were excited by this time, and after a broad laugh I said, 'The eleventh commandment! pray what is that?' '"Thou shalt not get found out." Now we *know* the bishop.' And, true enough," said Mr. Sumner, "the Jew bill came up, and the bishop did speak, with extraordinary eloquence."

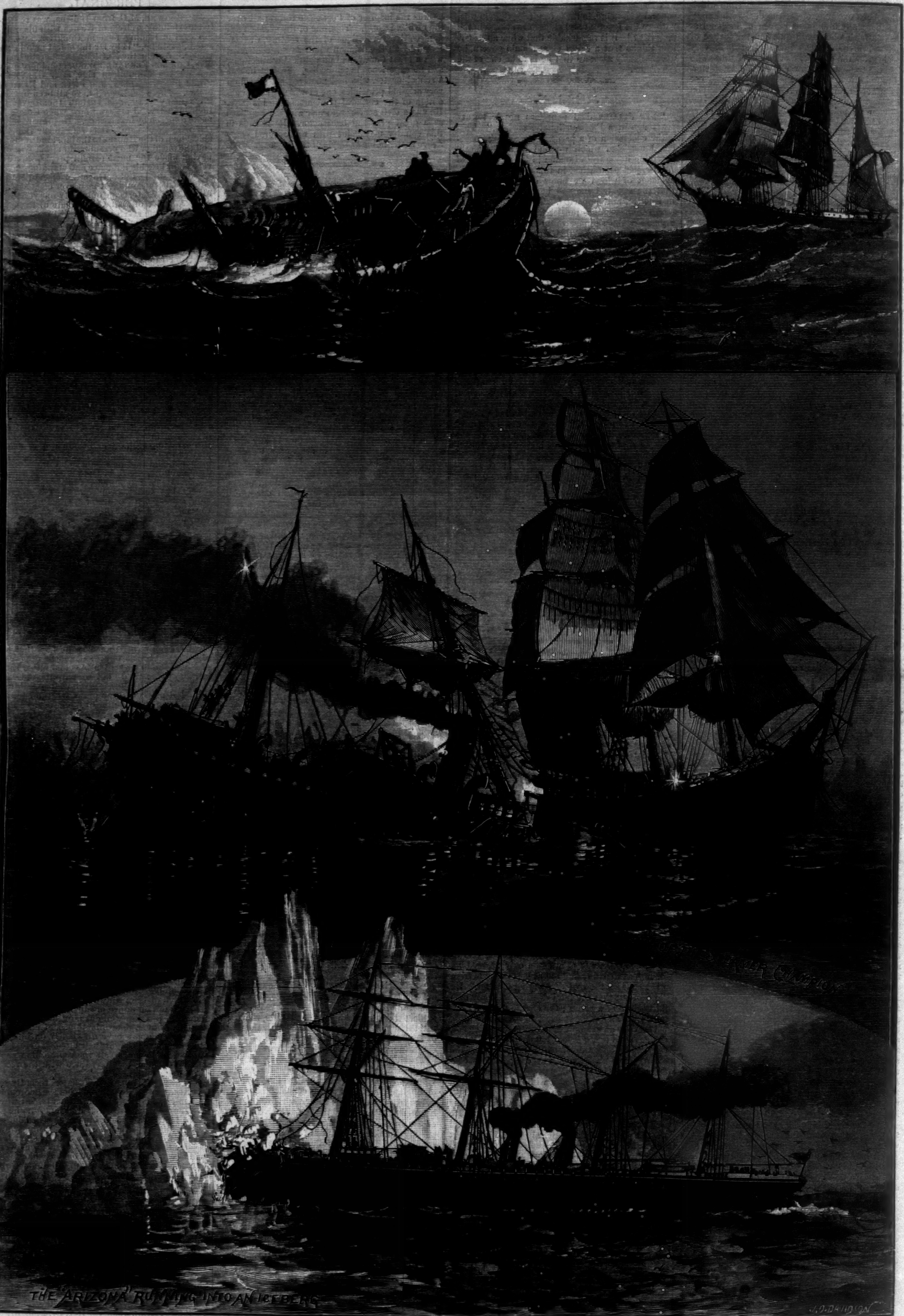
—Dr. Leonard Bacon has the idea that too much catechism is not good, and he opposes a new one, and in his sententious and rather satirical way says: "I do not worship the old catechism. 'All Scripture is given by inspiration of God,' but no production of the Westminster Assembly is one whit better or more inspired than Dwight's Theology or any other tolerably orthodox body of divinity. No one member of the Westminster Assembly—not all of them together—knew more about theology than the late Professor Hodge knew. Nor were the debates and conclusions of that Assembly guided by a larger measure of the Divine illumination than is now given to an ordinary General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church in the United States. Whatever dominion the Shorter Catechism may have over the faith of those to whom it is one of 'the standards,' I do not acknowledge it as having any authority to determine what I shall believe or what I shall teach."

—The *Letters of Charles Dickens*, edited by Miss Dickens and Miss Hogarth, are to appear in England within a month.

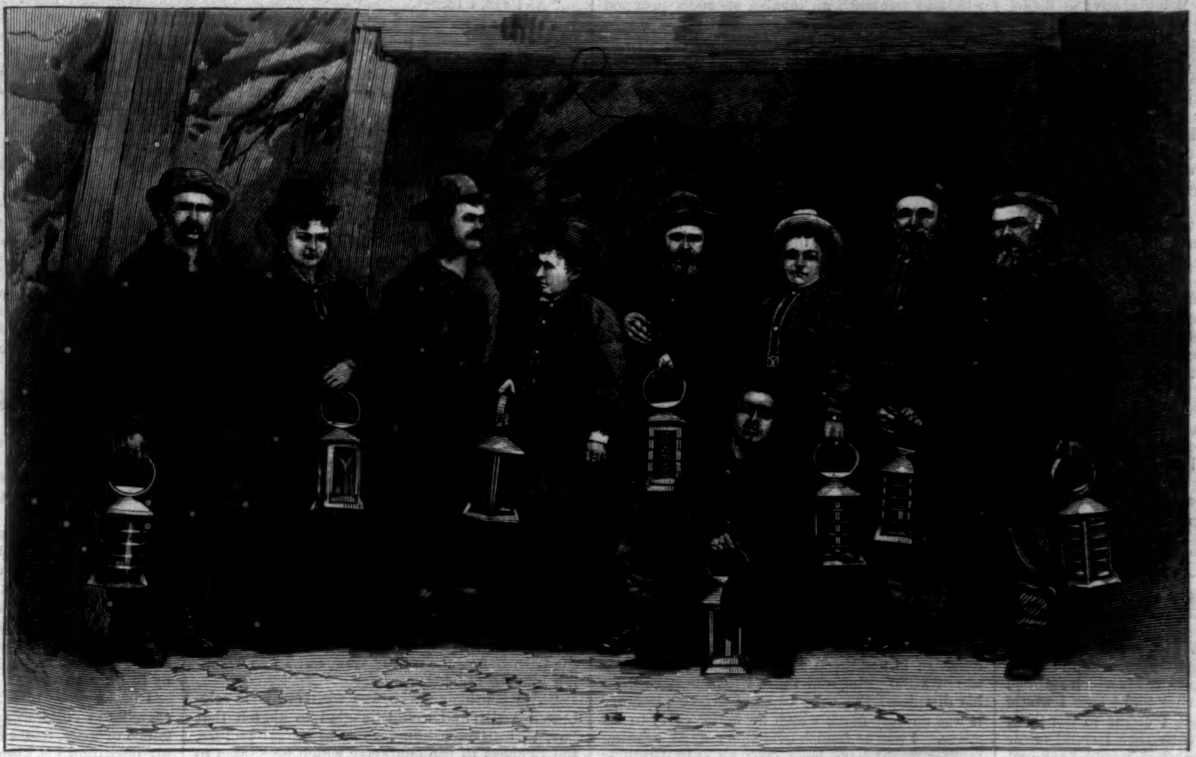
—Mr. Gladstone's personal appearance at the present time is thus sketched by a London correspondent of the Philadelphia *Press*: "In personal appearance Mr. Gladstone is an active, lithe, muscular man, rather tall, and of well-proportioned frame. His face and figure have that clear-cut contour which generally indicates several generations of intellectual activity and personal leadership. Mr. Gladstone is the descendant of a long line of Scottish lairdmen of small wealth and limited possessions, but accustomed to stand first in their community, to think, and to lead. The face is scholarly, cultivated, its outlines boldly defined by that meagreness of muscle which distinguishes the intellectual athlete. There is not an ounce of superfluous flesh on it. The thin lips and well-cut mouth and chin betoken firmness, determination, and endurance. Seventy summers have sat lightly on him, but the years have brought their blessing of rest, and his face in general wears the repose of strength and experience—strongly lined with the record of struggle and thought."

—The Right Hon. W. E. Forster recently said of Carlyle that he differed from the Scotchman in many of his views and sentiments, but whenever he went back to read him he found he got more instruction from him, even when he differed from him, than he did from ninety-nine men out of a hundred with whom he agreed.

—A unique occurrence in the religious world will take place in this city on next Thanksgiving-day, the Rev. Dr. Bellows, of All-Souls Unitarian Church, having accepted an invitation to preach in the afternoon at the Temple Emanu-El. This will be the first occasion in this city where a Christian minister has been invited to preach in a Jewish synagogue. It has been done recently, however, in St. Louis and Cincinnati. In the former city, when the Baptist Church was burned, the Rev. Dr. Sonnenschein placed his synagogue at the disposal of the congregation on Sundays, and when a new building was procured, a joint evening service, by way of parting, was held in the temple, at which the rabbi and the Baptist pastor united in officiating. Similar courtesies have occurred between rabbis and pastors in Brooklyn. Last year, at the funeral of Rabbi Gottheil's son, the Rev. Dr. Bellows delivered an address which greatly pleased the many Hebrews present. The Jew and the Gentile are rapidly nearing each other.


STEAMER CHAMPION
THE "ARIZONA" RUNNING INTO AN ICEBERG
J.O. DAVIDSON

THREE WRECKS.—Drawn by J. O. Davidson.—[See Page 942.]



GENERAL GRANT IN A NEVADA MINE.—Photographed by Lee & Noe, Virginia City.—[See Page 942.]

OLD AND NEW.

The old-fashioned ships of war, like those in which the ocean's heroes of Nelson's time contended for the supremacy of the sea, were the most majestic and imposing specimens of naval architecture that ever "ploughed the waves."

The introduction of new methods of naval warfare, by the invention of the Monitor style of war vessels, and the improvements in submarine torpedoes, drove these picturesque old ships out of fashion. Like worn-out war-horses condemned to the plough or the cart, they end their glorious careers ignominiously as store-ships, or are broken up for the copper bolts that held their strong timbers together in many a well-fought contest. Sailors of the old school view the innovation with unconcealed disgust. Our own Admiral Farragut refused to command anything but a wooden ship, saying, in his terse, energetic manner, "I'd rather go to the bottom on a shingle than in a tea-kettle!" But the scientific methods of naval warfare prevailed against sentiment, and the old three-decker has become a thing of the past.

MARTHA JACOBI.

By F. W. ROBINSON,

Author of "For Her Sake," "Little Kate Kirby," "Coward Conscience," etc.

This is a true story. I, Martha Jacobi—a woman who was never to be trusted, people said, and whose word was never worth much—vouch to every syllable I utter. This may be the death-bed of one of God's unfortunates, for what I know or care, and I am not likely to die with a lie in my mouth. If you do not believe me, it matters but little, and affects me not at all. It is not my story I am going to relate, although I look back at an unlucky past to explain who I was, and how the cruel days have dragged on and left me here. It is a story of other lives and temptations, and it is upon my mind. Lying thus bedridden, and helpless for good or evil, it weighs me down, and I must speak of it.

I was forty-five years of age when I left the Fulham Refuge for service with the Mayfields. They had been forty-five strange, wicked years to me, and I was glad to turn my back upon them. I had been more than once in prison, and had been more than once sorry for the sins which I had committed. "This is the last time," I had always said, when my prison days were over; and "This is the very last," I protested, when the Refuge had given me a good word, and there had come to my unprofitable life another chance. At forty-five I had learned something of what was right; before then I had guessed at it, and followed wrong as easier work for me.

They were a young couple, those Mayfields—they had not been married three months when I entered their service. They had known trouble quickly after their wedding day. There are some people born unto it, and the Mayfields were two of them. In three months they had dropped like a stone from good luck to bad—reckoning in the honey-moon as well. Arthur Mayfield had held a responsible post as "buyer" in a wholesale City house, and on the strength of his position, his future, he married for love. He had been four weeks on his wedding tour, when the news came that his firm had failed—"smashed up" for hundreds of thousands, carrying away other firms in the great crash, and sending a little army of old servants adrift on the world.

Arthur Mayfield went adrift with the rest, and reached not the shore again. He had saved a little money—a few hundreds—and this sum came in handy, and enabled him to keep up an appearance for a while, and to wait more patiently than clerks less lucky than he had had the power to do. He had hoped to step into a similar position to that which he had lost; but the opportunity came not, and an ugly rumor got abroad that he had known of many doubtful transactions of the firm, and helped in them after his fashion. This he denied always. I have heard him protest to his wife against the scandal, and curse those who had set it afloat; protest to himself even when pacing up and down his little drawing-room like a wild beast in his den. I believe he was a thoroughly honest young man at that time. I was a good judge of what a scamp was like, and should have known the difference at once.

He and his wife were both religious folk who went regularly to church, and dealt in long graces before meals, after the fashion of their parents before them, I suppose. I had turned "good," but I did not like too much of this—it embarrassed me, and reminded me of the prison chaplain, droning away daily and wearying us to death. I was never religious—I never got religious, not even when the lady superintendent of the Refuge—I say God bless her for that—told me she would trust me again with all her heart, and advised others to trust me. The Mayfields took me away to their honest home, saying, "Come with us, Martha; we know what misfortune is, and we sympathize with it, especially with such hard misfortune as yours."

"A misfortune brought about by my own hands—my own sheer badness, madam," I confessed to the young wife when I was duly installed in her service.

"No matter now, if you are penitent—is it?"

"No."

"And no one to blame but yourself—no one dragged down by you, or with you; that should surely be some consolation, Martha."

"I dare say it is—I don't know," I answered, moodily.

"My poor stolid woman, but you do know, in your heart," said Mrs. Mayfield, placing her two fair hands upon my shoulders, shaking me, and looking laughingly into my face, "and you will be all the happier for your knowledge some day."

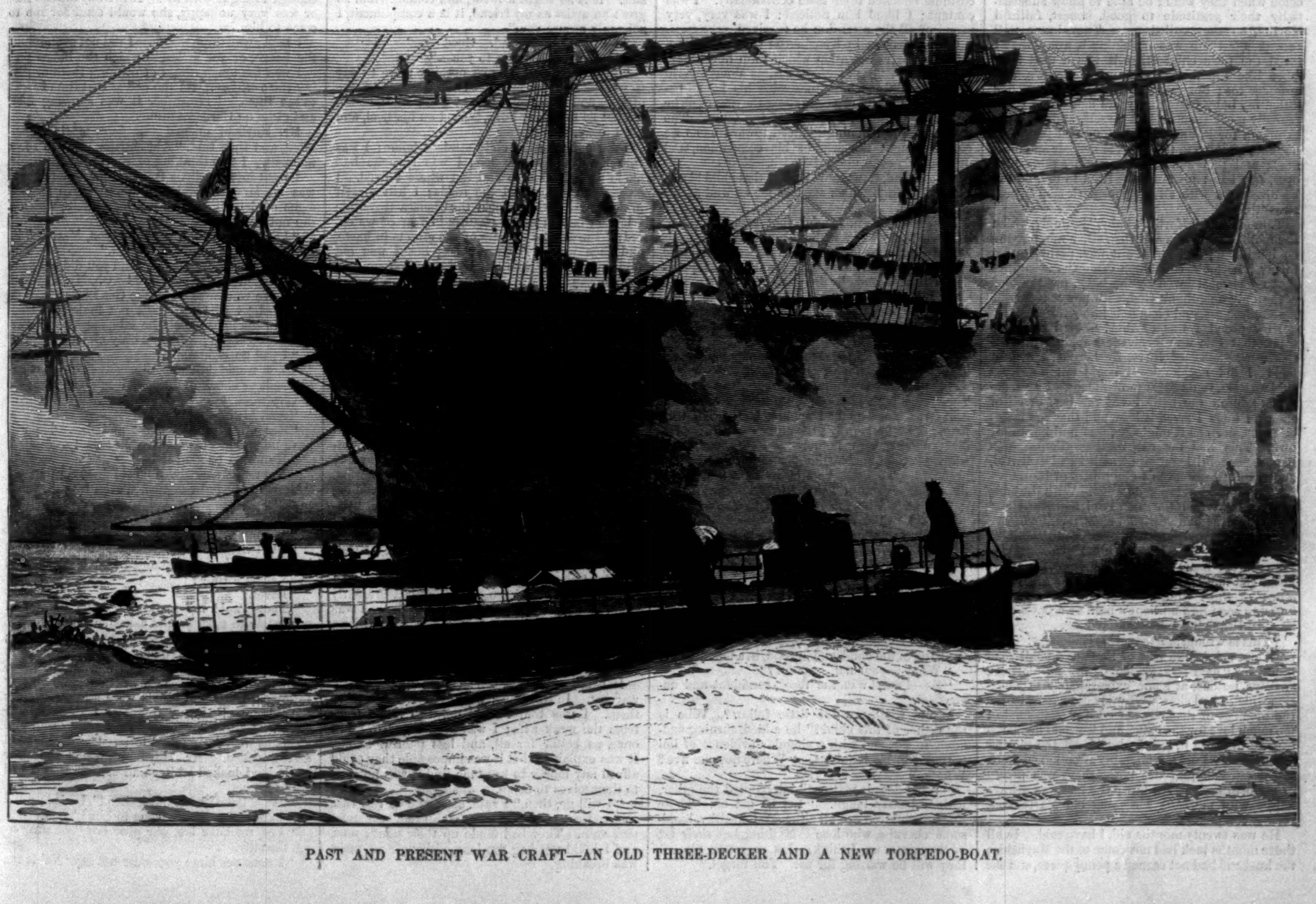
"I shall never be happy—I don't deserve to be. I don't want, ma'am."

"There, that will do," she said, running away. "I will not argue with you any more; I will send Arthur to you instead."

"Oh! please no."

She laughed again; she knew I was afraid of Arthur—that was her husband—and of his prayers, many of which were launched at me, I was certain. Not but that I liked the man a little—for his wife's sake more than his own, probably; for anything that she loved I was bound to like, loving her so much myself. She was the one woman who had ever thought any good of me, and I was grateful.

I dare say I should have respected this Arthur Mayfield more had he been less in the way and



PAST AND PRESENT WAR CRAFT—AN OLD THREE-DECKER AND A NEW TORPEDO-BOAT.

more out of the house. Being always at home, he interfered with home too much, and became a "coddle" by degrees, telling me what to do and what to leave undone, more like the mistress than the master. In the old days—the bad old days—I should have run at him with a knife; but though he tried my temper, I wouldn't let him see it, or his wife know it. I was always "comfortable," I said; and I had learned to see, as months and months went on, that they were not, and that trouble was creeping on toward them.

When they thought I was in bed, instead of listening on the stairs, to learn what was the matter, they talked of their ill fortune, their expenses, the money melting away in the bank, the bad times in the City; and it was always the woman who cheered up the man, and who would not look at the dark side of things, but prophesied the sunshine—which never came, however, such devil's luck some people have.

Arthur would brighten up at last, and believe in her.

"Yes, it's a long lane which has no turning, Jenny," he would say, taking her in his arms and kissing her, "and we have a few pounds yet in the money-box. And presently, to make our hearts rejoice—perhaps to turn our luck—the baby, Jenny!"

"I—I thought, Arthur, you might fancy the baby would be—a leetle—expensive for us just now. I hope you don't," she murmured.

"It will be a comfort—a blessing—God's blessing on our happy marriage."

"My own dear husband!" cried Jenny Mayfield, rapturously.

I had listened enough. I went up stairs with a choking, gasping feeling at my heart and throat. There was a meaning in their words which stabbed me terribly. I thought that night that I would run away from them, that I ought to tell them everything, or go; and then that I could never say one solitary word, or they would hate and loathe me.

But I staid with them, and a month or two after this their little baby boy was born.

Then came more trouble—an awful trouble for a while—for the young wife's life was despaired of; and the doctor, and the physician, who came twice in his pair-horse carriage, and took away their money for an opinion that everybody had, said there was no hope, and she must die. She recovered, though; she was saved as by a miracle; and it was like one to see her down stairs again for the first time, in her old place by the fireside—a woman risen from the dead.

This was four or five months after her confinement—four or five months of heavy expenses, hired nurses, doctors' bills, physicians' fees, and nourishing foods; and there was no begrudging money—rather a lavish casting it away—in the hope to save the wife. The hope came, and Jenny Mayfield was spared.

The baby had been christened Paul. In the mother's delicate state of health, it had become necessary to wean it a few weeks after its birth, and the greater portion of the care of the child devolved upon me.

They were not afraid to trust me; they would not have known what to do without my love and forethought, they said; they hoped the time would come when they would be able to show substantially their gratitude to good, honest, faithful Martha, as they called me. They knew well enough, for there was no hiding it away, that I loved the little child—that it was a mad love, more like the mother's than the nurse's, and stronger too; but they did not know that I had killed *my* baby years and years ago, when I was scarcely more than a child myself, and been put in prison for it, and suffered long and justly. I had thrown mine in the river, in despair and madness; and this was like the child again—blue eyes, fair hair: my sin come back to life, and to be loved now with all my poor dark soul's great strength.

They called it "Martha's baby," jestingly, whilst the mother lay weak, and the father was praying on his knees; and strange it was, perhaps, that to my innermost conviction came the assurance that I was most loved by the baby, most needed—the only one, thank God, with power to soothe its restlessness, and change it into smiles.

How proud I was of this!—how I began to think that this was forgiveness for my past offense, my ticket of leave, by Heaven's will, at last! I did not know—I could not see—that this was Heaven's extra punishment. I was content to know the baby loved me best of all of them; I knew I loved it best, and that the mother's love, deep as it might be, was nothing to my own. This was the one fleeting glimpse of a happy, peaceful home life which I had ever had, and it turned my brain to be a part of it.

The boy grew brave and strong. With the odds against him from the first, Paul flourished and waxed fat; at one year and eight months of age he was the handsomest, brightest, healthiest of children. Oh, how I loved him! How jealous I was in my heart even of his mother, and yet I loved the mother too—and would have died for either of them willingly—for the boy too willingly, to save him an hour's pain or a day's sickness, had the choice been offered me.

"This is wrong, Martha—this is idolatry. You must not think like this of Paul, or I shall send him away," said Mrs. Mayfield, growing alarmed, perhaps jealous, at some extravagance of affection which I had shown. I was on my guard from the moment of that reproof—I was suspected of too much love for the child, and it would be necessary to disguise it, lest I should set the mother against me. I did not show my affection so much in the parents' presence now—there was plenty of opportunity to love him; the boy was always happy with me, always seeking old Martha out for his companion.

He was twenty months old, I have said. In all those months luck had not come to the Mayfields; the husband had not earned a penny-piece, and the wife had remained an invalid, eternally propped up by pillows in her chair, feigning to wear bright looks and happy smiles, and prophesying still of fairer times, to keep her husband from wholly giving up.

I knew the money was nearly all gone. Arthur Mayfield had pitched some of it away in a mad dash at the Stock Exchange, and had bought the wrong stock, I think they said, and lost by it; misfortune glowered upon them steadily. Tradesmen were more chary of trusting them; there was a heap of unpaid bills upon the mantel-piece, and I missed things out of the house that never came back again, and upon which it had become necessary to raise money for immediate requirements.

It was said at last that I must go: they were unable to pay my wages, and my mistress—my poor sick mistress, hardly able to crawl from one room to another even yet—thought herself strong enough to do the household work. I did not leave them because there was no more money to be paid me; I begged to be allowed to stay in the one home I had ever known. I prayed hard not to be cast adrift. I brought them all the money I had had of them, and saved for them, and asked them to take it in earnest of my gratitude. I moved them to tears and to a consent that I should stay whilst it was possible.

It was surely ordained that I should stay awhile, for that very evening little Paul met with a serious accident; he had nearly severed his wrist with the broken glass of a picture, and there was fresh grief for the parents and me, and much concern till the blood was stanched and the wound stitched up by a surgeon. He was not well again very quickly; it had been an ugly wound, within an ace of killing him, and there was a deep scar on his dimpled wrist, over which I grieved, because it was an ugly mark which he would carry to his grave. I was as foolish over this scar as a doting mother might have been over an only daughter whose beauty she would have had without spot and blemish, and to whom a scratch was a serious defect.

I was content when the boy was well and strong again—at two years of age he was the picture of health and childish beauty; his mother had grown to be almost as proud of him as I was, and I began to fret a little because she made more fuss over him, and he turned, child-like, more to her and less to me. Still I was his nurse and comforter; once a day I was always his companion, taking him for a walk in the parks, which were close to our street in Chelsea where we lived: he was not likely to lose all his love for old Martha, with Martha to watch and tend him as she did.

The boy was invariably well dressed; there was still money for him. I saw to that myself. When I gave up my earnings to the Mayfields, and bought their gratitude by the sacrifice, I kept something back for Paul, and there was always ready a smart ribbon for his neck, bright steel buckles for his shoes, or a feather for his hat; and the mother was too ill to wonder much about them, or where they came from. I don't think my taste was very refined. I had the love of the lower orders for bright colors; but if I decked him out too gaudily, it attracted the notice of the passers-by, and the boy's beauty won their admiration, if his costume shocked their taste occasionally. I was content; I liked him noticed; I was very, very proud of all the attention he received.

One afternoon in Kensington Gardens he received an extra attention which I am never likely to forget. Two gentlemen came along together, both walking slowly, one with his hands behind him and trailing a cane along the gravel, as he listened to the conversation of the other. The man who was listening glanced toward us as we passed, caught the arm of his companion, and dropped his cane upon the path.

"Good God, Baumann! look at that child!" was the exclamation which startled me as well as his companion.

I glanced down, fearful that something had happened to my boy without my knowledge; but little Paul was tottering toward the cane, the head of which I saw was strangely jewelled, and sparkling with diamonds in the sun.

"Paul," I cried, "you must not—".

"Let the child pick it up," said the man, who had dropped the cane; "I am very fond of children."

The first part of this speech was spoken harshly and authoritatively; the second, after a moment's pause, suavely and by way of an excuse. They were both foreigners, by their strange accent: the one who had spoken last was a thin man, prematurely gray; the other was tall, robust, and swarthy, with immensely long mustaches, which touched his shoulders, and were hideous in my sight. This was he who was still glaring at the child, so strangely that I became afraid.

Paul picked up the stick, and I, anxious to be gone, said, "Give it to the gentleman, Paul; there's a good boy; and now let us make haste; mamma will wonder what has become of us."

The younger and taller man stood watching us, and twisting the ends of his mustaches with his gloved hand. I could see his eyes wandering from the child to his companion, and then askance from his companion to me. The thin, gray man's hand was trembling as he received the cane from the hand of the child, and he said, in a husky voice,

"What is your name—Paul?"

"Es—Paul," was the reply, confident and unabashed.

"Paul what, my fine little fellow? Who is the father of this child?" he added, turning suddenly to me, and with a singular evidence of importance in his inquiries. "Where does he live? What—"

"What does it matter?" interrupted the other, with a hearty laugh. "Let us get on. These English children are all alike—fat, healthy, handsome cherubs, who lose everything but their fat as they grow up, I think. Let us get on, please; they will be waiting for us. You forget."

"Ah! yes, I forget."

The two men walked on, and I observed that the taller man drew the hand of his companion through his arm as if to lead him away, or to give him support if it were needed. I was puzzled by the manner of these two gentlemen, until I was in the Fulham Road not many streets from home. Here they were both painfully brought to my remembrance again, for suddenly, as if he had risen from the ground, the dark man with the long mustaches was standing at my side.

"I beg your pardon for troubling you, my good woman," he said, "but do you remember my friend speaking to you and this child?"

I jumped at his voice so close to my ear, looked hard at him, and felt at once distrustful. How was that—and so soon? How was it that to my unimpressionable heart there came the whisper of four words, "*Be on your guard!*" Is there some hidden, unknown feeling to warn us at times of danger, of a false friend, or a sure enemy? Is there a Fate, or not? I am too ignorant to know, but this man was like a Fate to me.

I shrank away from him; I drew the child quickly to the other side, placing myself between Paul and him, for no reason at which my fears could guess.

"I hardly remember," I answered, sullenly; "so many people notice the child, and speak to him."

"Ah! well. It was in Kensington Gardens, over there."

"Very likely."

The man twisted his mustaches, and looked down at me attentively. My hard grim face was turned away, my eyes were steady and keeping the path before me well in view, but I was watching him for all this.

"The gentleman who was with me is a celebrated artist, and would be glad to sketch that boy, to introduce him into a historical picture, the likeness to the character which he wishes to portray being very striking. Do you think the parents would object if—"

"I am sure they would object," I said, interrupting him.

"Money would be no consideration, and one or two sittings would be sufficient. One sketch in the child's own home might do even."

"The parents would not like anything of the kind," and I increased my pace, but the speaker did the same. I had grown terribly afraid of his persistence; I knew nothing of art or artists, and did not understand what he was saying, or believe in him. I saw in all this only an excuse, and this was strange.

"You can not possibly know," he urged; "and perhaps a few pounds to the father, if poor—"

"His father is very proud."

"There is nothing derogatory in—"

"Good-day."

"Will you allow me to inquire for myself? Will you give me the address?"

"No," I answered, bluntly.

"You are a very obstinate woman, I am sorry to see. My friend has been two years searching for a face like that to copy," he continued; "and I have been searching with him. It is hard to lose a chance. If you only understood art, my good woman, you would sympathize with our pursuit. It is so slight a favor, and coming from so great an artist as my friend, it is a compliment, I solemnly assure you."

"I do not understand. Good-day."

"If five pounds, now, to you—"

"Let me alone. I have nothing more to say to you." I turned and faced him, rigid and fierce at last, and he quailed at my fixed stare, raised his hat as to a lady born, turned on his heel, and went away.

I did not take the child straight home; I was sure he would watch me; I was sure he had made up his mind to find out where I lived. I crossed and recrossed the roads; I lost myself in a maze of turnings near the Chelsea Hospital; I looked behind me constantly in fear of watchers; I turned the corners of the streets in haste, and then waited for my spies; but I was not followed, or they who followed were too cunning for me.

I reached home unperceived, I thought, and my mistress scolded me for being away so long. My excuse was not a ready one, and was received in silence. I feared to tell the truth lest I should render her more nervous than myself, or she should suspect that I was going mad. Presently I began to think I was too full of fancies to be completely sane; for the autumn passed on to winter, and still the man was on my mind, and the dark glittering eyes shone out in the darkness of my dreams as though I were to be haunted by them till my dying day. It is not unlikely that my mind was a little strained at this period. I was unsettled. The picture of the on-coming troubles of my master and mistress was not pleasant to contemplate. The master had grown dull and thoughtful, and wore a moody look that was difficult to chase away, and the mistress, my dear young mistress, seemed fading slowly from this world. They both looked at me curiously, and I felt that they would broach the subject presently again of my dismissal from their service. I was one too many—I knew that, and a serious item in their expenses, even with my hands open to help them, and shut against any money for my willing work.

It came as I expected: it was like a death-warrant. In November I received notice to leave them. I was told I must go, with many tears from the weak wife; I was even urged to go at once, as better for all, and less painful to me. It was explained that it was impossible they could afford any longer to keep me, and it was not just to themselves to do so.

"I will go, then," I said, after one or two vain remonstrances, and feeling that all remonstrances *were* vain. They had made up their minds now, and I could not beg too long, although my heart was breaking.

"We shall never forget your kindness, Martha," said the wife.

"And we hope one day to be able to repay it," added the husband.

"To have you back again with us presently, when the good times come for us, as they come to most folk who have the patience to wait," said Mrs. Mayfield.

"I will pray for the good times, then," I answered. "I know I shall not be liked in any other situation."

"You will not be long out of service. We are able to give you an excellent character, Martha," said Mr. Mayfield, "and good servants are scarce commodities, the papers say."

I did not answer him. I did not understand why he was almost in high spirits at my going away, as if I had been a weight upon his mind, and my absence would remove it.

"I may call and see the child?" I asked, turning to my mistress. "I could not live and not see little Paul."

There was a strange hesitation here that struck me—that bewildered me. The husband's face shadowed, and his brow contracted as though I had insulted him by the appeal, and Mrs. Mayfield drew a deep, long breath, and stared at me.

"Certainly, Martha," she said, however, "as often as you please."

Mr. Mayfield said not a word; he took up a book, and feigned to be absorbed in its perusal, and I went away a discontented and suspicious woman, and Heaven knows why. Perhaps I was going mad, and they had seen the symptoms, and had grown afraid of me. That was the only solution to it all which I could guess at, and I *was* like a mad woman when it came to saying good-by to little Paul.

I broke down utterly. I wept, and raved, and scared the child away from me by my extravagance of grief, instead of feeling his arms round my neck, and his kisses on my worn wet cheeks. It was only two days after I had gone that the mother told me he was fretting for his Martha; and the boy's grief was a comfort to me, though I grieved with him. Before the week was out I had seen little Paul twice; early in the next week I was there once more. I had obtained no new situation; I had not tried. I had settled down in a street close to theirs, and there it was likely I should remain until my last penny was spent. I told them this, and offered to work for them when they liked, and go back to my own room to my meals; but they would not listen to any proposition of the kind. It was putting too cruel an obligation on them, and Mrs. Mayfield said and thought that she was strong enough to do without a servant at last.

There came another "cut" for me. I was not to call too frequently. I unsettled the boy; he could think of nothing else but my visits and the little presents which I brought him. It would be much the better plan to keep away for a fortnight or three weeks, they thought.

"Very well," I said again, "if I can keep away, I will. But I did not think, mistress, you would ever say as much to me."

"It is for Paul's sake. Arthur thinks it is right—it is." And then Mrs. Mayfield burst into tears, and begged me to go away. She was not strong enough to argue with me. If the boy missed me, or was very unhappy, she would send for me to come to him.

I kept away three weeks. I did not even haunt the house, or the street in which the house was—I was too much afraid of meeting them or giving them offense. At the end of that time I went to see them. I remember it was snowing fast, and close on Christmas-time.

Mr. Mayfield opened the door, started, hesitated, and then said, "Ah, Martha, come in for a moment. I was thinking of you to-day."

I went into the little front parlor, where there was no Mrs. Mayfield, and where there seemed signs of desolation, of a new emptiness, which I did not understand.

"I have some bad news for you, Martha," he said; "our little Paul is very ill."

"Paul ill!" I exclaimed, "and you did not send for me—did not let me know! Oh, Mr. Mayfield, why have you treated me like this?"

"Hush! hush! you must not make the least noise in the house now," he said, sternly. "Perfect peace is my poor boy's only chance."

"I will go to him."

"You would kill him directly. The least excitement or shock of surprise would kill him; he is very weak."

"And his mother?"

"Sits up with him night and day. He will have no one but his mother, Martha."

"He would be glad if I—"

"Not now," said Mr. Mayfield, interrupting me. "He is too ill to be disturbed even by your kindness."

"But—he will recover?"

"We hope so."

"Oh, I am sure so; he is so strong a boy—so healthy! What has changed him like this, and in so short a time?"

"Fever."

"Poor Paul! my poor dear little flower! I may come to-morrow and ask about him?"

"If you wish," said Mr. Mayfield, graciously; "and if he is better, you shall see him."

"I thank you very much," I murmured.

But he was no better the next day, and the day following the white blinds were all down before the windows! I saw them as I came up the street. I leaned against the opposite wall and shook as with an ague. I tottered across the road and knocked. Mr. Mayfield opened the door again, and looked whiter and sterner than I had seen him yet.

"He is gone; he is dead, then!" I cried; "and you have never let me come to him!"

"Yes, we have lost our poor boy," he answered, moodily.

"I must see him; you must not say 'No' to me again," I said, almost defiantly. "He was dearer to me than to you, I swear. He loved me better than his mother; I swear that too; and you have let him die without me!"

"Martha, you excite yourself unnecessarily; you distress me; you will alarm my wife; you—"

"May I see the child?" I asked, peremptorily.

"Yes, you may," was the reply. "Poor little fellow! There is no disturbing him now."

I felt the tears rushing to my eyes. I was choking, and could not answer him.

"Here is my wife," he said; and through my blinding tears I saw my mistress glide in like a ghost, and with a ghost-like face, which chilled me.

"Jenny," he said to her, "here is poor old Martha, the first to offer her sympathy with our affliction."

"I am glad to see you, Martha," said my mistress, shaking hands with me. "It is kind of you to call."

She was very cold, and her voice was very hard—not broken down with grief as mine was, I thought, fretfully.

"She wishes to see our boy."

"Now?" asked Mrs. Mayfield.

"Does it matter when?" said her husband. "Surely our faithful Martha has a claim to see him first of all."

"Yes, yes—I think so," assented the wife. Then we all three went up stairs into the darkened room, where he lay in his little bed as though he were asleep.

"How long has he been dead?" I whispered as I entered, and sank down on my knees to gaze upon him.

"Not two hours yet," whispered Mrs. Mayfield back to me.

"Are you sure he is dead?" I inquired.

Mrs. Mayfield gave a suppressed cry, and her husband stooped and looked into my face.

"Don't mock us—don't even for a moment have a thought like that," said the husband. "God's will be done."

"God's will *is* done," I said in reply, "and a cruel will it seems to me."

"Martha," said Mrs. Mayfield, reproachfully, "you forget."

"I say it seems to me," I answered; "but then I am wicked and ignorant, and can't see what is best."

I leaned over and kissed the cold little face; I put my arms round his neck and sobbed; I was foolish and demonstrative in my wild grief again; it was my nature.

"Do you think he has changed at all?" asked Mr. Mayfield.

"No," I answered; "I can believe he will wake soon and speak to me."

We were silent, all three of us, for a while; presently the father—always the spokesman—said,

"Will you come away now, Martha—please?"

"Not yet."

"But—"

"I will not go yet," I said, very firmly; "and you can not drag me from him. I'm too strong."

"Well, well, for a little while longer then," said Mr. Mayfield, "until—"

The door was opening—there was a fourth person in the house. I looked up instinctively to see who this could be, and who had had the privilege to stay here whilst I was kept away, and the face that peered round the door was that of the man who had stopped me in the streets and asked about poor Paul. I knew his wicked eyes and the long trailing mustaches at once, and yet I did not scream or rave. I cowered down and hid my head. When I looked up again, only Mrs. Mayfield was in the room, and my heart was beating very fast.

"My poor Martha, is it not time we went down stairs?" she asked, gently. "Can this grief do you any good? Will you not think of sparing me a little?"

"Who was that?" I said, without heed to her inquiries—"that man who looked round the door just now?"

"What man?"

"You did not see any one?"

"No," said Mrs. Mayfield; "but I was sitting with my back to the door. Arthur will know, perhaps."

"Yes, he will know," I repeated; "but you *have* a visitor in this house?"

"No," said my mistress; "this has not been a time for visitors surely?"

"Surely not."

I buried my head in the bedclothes again, but this time it was not with grief.

I wanted to work out all that was twisted round my brain in a thick ravelled skein; I wanted to think hard, and not go mad with thinking. That man!—what was he doing here?—what had he to do with my boy's death?—in what way had he become connected with it?

I looked up again. Mrs. Mayfield was sitting in a chair by the window with her thin hands spread before her face, and those hands were trembling very much. I looked from her to the dead child lying in its awful stillness and its marble beauty, and knowing nothing of our woman's griefs; I gazed at it till a new, strange, wild feeling came across me, and my sorrow was changed slowly to suspicion and dread. I became as cold as the little body lying in the bed; I stole my hand within and felt for the small rigid arm; I turned down the sheets with a quick movement and looked at the right wrist, then at the left, although I knew that it was on the right that Paul had been cut so desperately a few months since, and there was no scar on the smooth flesh!

"Mistress," I exclaimed, springing to my feet, "this is not Paul—this is not our boy!"

"Martha!" exclaimed Mrs. Mayfield, rising also from the chair, and clutching at the back for support, "how—how dare you frighten me like this, and talk like this—to me?"

"This is not Paul; it is not my darling; it is not like him now. Oh! what have you done with him—my God! what have you done with him?"

"I tell you—"

"I will not have you lie to me—you to whom I have looked up so long. Don't speak; don't say another word just now; but listen," I cried. "That is a strange child put there and changed for Paul—a dead child is brought in and the living one is given up to the man down stairs—the wretch who would have tempted me with his money, who could only come here safely when I was turned away. I will tell all about it, no matter what it means, unless you give me back the child I loved. You must find him. He must come back, I say!"

Mrs. Mayfield dropped into the chair, and cowered from me now. Her husband entered; he had been startled down stairs by the loud tones of my angry voice.

"What is the meaning—" he began; then he stopped as I pointed to the right wrist of the dead boy and looked at him defiantly.

"What is the meaning of this, Arthur Mayfield?—for this is not your son?" I said.

"I protest against—"

"I proclaim to God that this is not your son. I will tell the doctor—I will call in your neighbors—I will go to the nearest magistrate and say there has been foul play—I will disgrace and ruin you if you will not tell me where my Paul is. And if he is safe—"

"Well, if he is safe?"

"—and in health—not done away with—I will say nothing to any living soul."

"I will tell you—for mercy's sake, don't think of betraying those who have been always kind to you."

"Where is the boy?"

"I have always trusted you as a friend—I have tried to make you love me, Martha, and to save *you*," murmured Mrs. Mayfield.

"Where is the boy?" I demanded, sternly still.

"I do not know."

"What!"

"Pray be silent, and listen. As God is my judge I do not know. Be satisfied as I am satisfied," said the husband, "and grieve with us too, and as we grieve for this."

"Go on—go on!" I cried, impatiently.

"Be assured with us, good Martha," said Mr. Mayfield, "that little Paul is well. It should be happiness to you, instead of grief, that it is not our darling lying there. Try and think so with us—will you?"

"Yes—I am glad. But who is this—and why have you given up the living for the dead?"

"I can not tell you."

"It is not true. This is another lie."

"It is the awful fact, Martha," said Mr. Mayfield, suddenly; "we do not know, and we shall never know the whole reason of it all. We can but guess closely at the truth. With that child's death—and whose child it is, Heaven knows—there should have passed away a grand inheritance, and it is very important that the death should not be suspected. Between the child and our Paul there was a marvellous resemblance, and the heir was sinking fast. They have replaced him by Paul—that is all I know—they have bought our little boy, and he will grow rich and great away from us, and never see us more."

"And they will not tell you where he is—at any time?"

"No—that will be to betray a great secret."

"To sell your own flesh and blood—you two!" I muttered.

"We were very poor—in another month we should have been starving in the streets," said Mayfield.

"You deserved to starve—you will starve yet."

"No, not now. There was a heavy bribe, Martha, and it has saved us. And it has bettered little Paul's position."

"When I was a young woman crushed by shame I killed my baby," I said, sternly; "but I think yours is the greater crime, and you will suffer for it."

"You regard this too gloomily," said the husband.

"And the man who bought Paul was he who looked in just now?"

"Yes."

"And you trusted Paul with *him?*"

"Yes; I am sure he will be treated with every care to his life's end. We have been saved by that man—he has been princely in his gifts—he has left one hundred pounds for your silence too—here it is."

"It is blood-money—I will not touch it," I cried; "it is the price of my lost darling's life and love—I will not take a penny of it."

"And you will betray us?"

"No—I can't do that."

I went away from them without another word. I only saw those poor, weak, tempted wretches once again. I heard that they were rich, and five years afterward they splashed me with their carriage wheels, as I stood barefooted on the curbstones waiting to cross the muddy roadway. This is the fine moral of the story: they had prospered, and I was begging and stealing for my daily bread! I sank from bad to worse—I went back to my two old companions, drink and the devil—I lost all the good that was in me very quickly, only the sight of a little child would make me crying drunk at times. I got to prison again, and again, to a long sentence finally, which I shall cheat the judge out of, not having many days to live, I fancy.

The last shock was my death-blow—it was a strange one, but it has sobered me for all time. I have seen my little Paul again: God let me live long enough to see him: I am as sure it was he as I am lying here past hope of life. Yes, it was my boy, though the matrons may think old Martha raving.

It was in the prison infirmary that I saw him. He came in softly, hat in hand, out of respect even to sick crime, and there followed him some half a dozen gentlemen, hats in hand also, with the lady superintendent of the prison, the deputy, and the officers, all bland and complaisant, and white with nervousness and awe. *He* was seventeen or eighteen years of age, and very handsome, as I knew he would be, but they were the same features, I was sure, unless I *was* mad.

"This is the prison infirmary, your Highness," I heard the lady superintendent say.

He looked round at our prison beds, and then at me.

"And who is this?"

"This is Martha Jacobi, a woman who has been some twenty times in prison."

"Ill?"

"Very ill, your Highness."

"Poor woman!"

He put his right hand to his chin while he looked at me. I thought the scar was there still. Yes—it was there.

"What a life hers must have been, baron!" said the prince, turning to a tall man at his side, and at whom I glanced for the first time, only having had eyes for Paul till then. Yes, there was no mistake. There was the man with the dark eyes and the long mustache, which was white as snow now—the man who had bought Paul Mayfield and made a prince of him to save a dynasty.

"One can scarcely realize it, your Highness," said the other.

"Ah! well, life is an enigma, Baron Baumann, and this depresses me. Let us get away."

He turned without looking at me again, and his suite fell into position behind him, and away they all swept out of the infirmary, into the lime-washed corridors beyond.

Yes, life is an enigma. If the prince could have only guessed that I had been a mother to him once, and loved him sorely and desperately well—if it had been only possible for him to believe the wild story of my life and his, what a dream-land he would have passed from—and to what an awakening!

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

The progress of missionary work in Japan is a matter of great interest and importance from every point of view. As the country opens to the purifying and ennobling influences of true religion, the refining effects and numberless advantages of Western civilization, commerce, and education swiftly follow. From an account recently given by the Foreign Secretary of the American Board, we gather some interesting facts. Ten years ago, at the annual meeting at Pittsburgh, the American Board decided to begin a mission in Japan, and the first missionary went to that country shortly afterward. The first church of eleven members was organized at Yokohama in March, 1872. One society after another has commenced work in Japan, until at the present time there are over one hundred and sixty men and women connected with ten American and six British societies, who are wholly devoted to evangelical work. Jeddo (now known as Tokio) and Nagasaki have been prominent fields of labor; but the American Board has stations at Kobe, at Osaka, at Okayama, and at Kioto—a city long the residence of the Mikado. The Japanese government as well as the people have been ready to secure the advantages of foreign civilization. Lhe medical work has been an important agency in winning confidence. Dr. Berry, of the American Board, who went to Japan in 1872, was in charge of a government hospital, and had a class of twenty students within a few months after his arrival. Before long another hospital and six dispensaries were placed under his care, and he had a class of fifty students. His advice and instructions were sought, also, by numerous physicians. Boarding-schools for girls have been established with great success in many places. Seven years ago the first evangelical sermon in the Japanese language was preached at Kobe by a missionary of the American Board, the native audience consisting of one person, besides the domestics in the missionary's family. There are now not less than fifty evangelical churches in Japan connected with the various missionary societies.

It appears that Señor Arosemena, the new minister from the United States of Colombia, is of the opinion that none of the surveys yet made, either of the Panama or of the Nicaragua route, have been sufficiently complete or careful to warrant the selection of one in preference to the other for the interoceanic canal. The party of engineers lately sent by M. De Lesseps to make a new survey of the Isthmus of Panama is now on the ground. It may be necessary to wait for the coming dry season before undertaking the survey. The work will be one of great difficulty, as the country to be surveyed is almost inaccessible to engineers.

Recent floods in Jamaica have done an immense amount of damage to the roads of the country, which it will take months to repair. The coffee crop has suffered heavily, and nearly a hundred lives have been lost, chiefly at the eastern end of the island.

The latest report from the ex-Empress Carlotta is that she has not only recovered her mental equilibrium, but that she is engaged in transcribing her diary of the disastrous events which culminated in her husband's death and the dethronement of her own reason.

This from the Denver (Colorado) *News* of November 1:

> "When General Grant was occupied with the Colorado delegation in the parlor of the Railroad House at Cheyenne, some overzealous admirer said to him, 'I saw you last in the White House, General, and I don't mean to rest till you get there again.'
>
> "'I am now chiefly desirous of getting in my own house at Galena,' replied the general, 'and when I once get there, I don't think I can be induced to exchange it for any other house that I know of, white or black.'"

Paris has been in a state of great excitement over the doings of that remarkable financier M. Philippart. Some years ago, after creating the Banque Franco-Hollandaise, he was declared bankrupt, with liabilities amounting to 28,000,000 francs. And now, having started the Banque Européenne, he suddenly disappears, leaving a balance due by him to the bank of 6,800,000 francs.

Charley Wise is a little six-year-old boy, who recently went by the overland route from Philadelphia to San José all alone, that is to say, without any one to take care of him but the various conductors of the cars. The child's father resides in Santa Cruz, but did not expect him until the day following the one on which he arrived. The little fellow's long-tried courage failed him when he found his father was not at the San José dépôt to meet him, and he insisted on remaining at the station, saying that his father promised to meet him, and surely would do so. The boy was taken charge of by the chief of police, who made him happy, and the next day there was a joyful meeting between father and son.

Southern planters, particularly those of Georgia, are much encouraged by the improved prices for cotton. The Augusta (Georgia) *Chronicle* states that the cotton sold in Augusta during the last week in October, as compared with the corresponding week of last year, brought a difference in favor of the planter of about $100,000. And this chiefly owing not to larger sales, but to advanced prices.

There has been some protest against the use of the cental system—some who are in the trade doubt its practicability. But the Board of Managers of the Produce Exchange, being "fully persuaded that this is a movement in the interest of trade, and in full accord with our system of decimal coinage, and one which, when the inconvenience attending its introduction shall have been overcome, will commend itself to the judgment and support of the mercantile world," insist upon its enforcement. And the following resolution was recently adopted by the board:

> "*Resolved*, That all transactions in grain hereafter made, falling due after January 1, 1880, shall be in conformity with the cental system as provided by the rules of the grain trade, as amended September 20, 1879."

It is believed that the largest yield of wheat on record is 102 bushels to the acre, raised by one James L. Ray, of Lewis and Clarke County, in the Territory of Montana.

The sentiments of the Western Michigan Methodist Conference in regard to the use of tobacco are plainly indicated by the adoption at its recent meeting of the following resolutions:

> "1. That hereafter no young man using tobacco in any form, coming as a candidate for the ministry, shall be received into this Conference. 2. That those members of this Conference already addicted to the use of tobacco are exhorted to desist from it in public and when in the company of persons who do not use it. 3. That all circuits and missions are advised not to send delegates to this Conference hereafter who are users of tobacco. 4. That no local preacher will be ordained an elder who uses tobacco."

From a recent dispatch from Valparaiso it appears that the captured Peruvian iron-clad *Huascar* has been towed to Valparaiso, and is about to be refitted and manned by a Chilian crew.

Caustic lime sometimes gets into the eyes of those engaged in building operations, and produces very injurious effects. It is stated that the evil results may be entirely neutralized by the use of cold sugar water, a compound of lime and sugar being formed which is destitute of any action upon the eyes.

A careful estimate, based upon authoritative reports, places the wheat crop of the United States for 1879 at about 425,000,000 bushels. The amount needed for consumption and seed in this country is about 250,000,000 bushels, leaving 175,000,000 for export.

In Amsterdam, one of the richest cities in the world, out of a population of about 300,000, it is estimated that fully 25,000 are supported by charity. The poor-houses, however, are large and handsome buildings.

Something like five thousand Roman coins, chiefly copper, were recently found by a boy buried in the earth near Nassenfuss in Styria. They belong to the time of the reigns of Severus, Gallianus, Claudian, Aurelianus, and Probus.

It is gratifying to learn from statistics that for the past eight years there has been a steady improvement in sanitary conditions in New York city.

The Sultan of Zanzibar must be tolerably civilized, if, as report says, he gives dinner parties in a European fashion, with music from an excellent band, decorated bills of fare, and all sorts of luxuries.

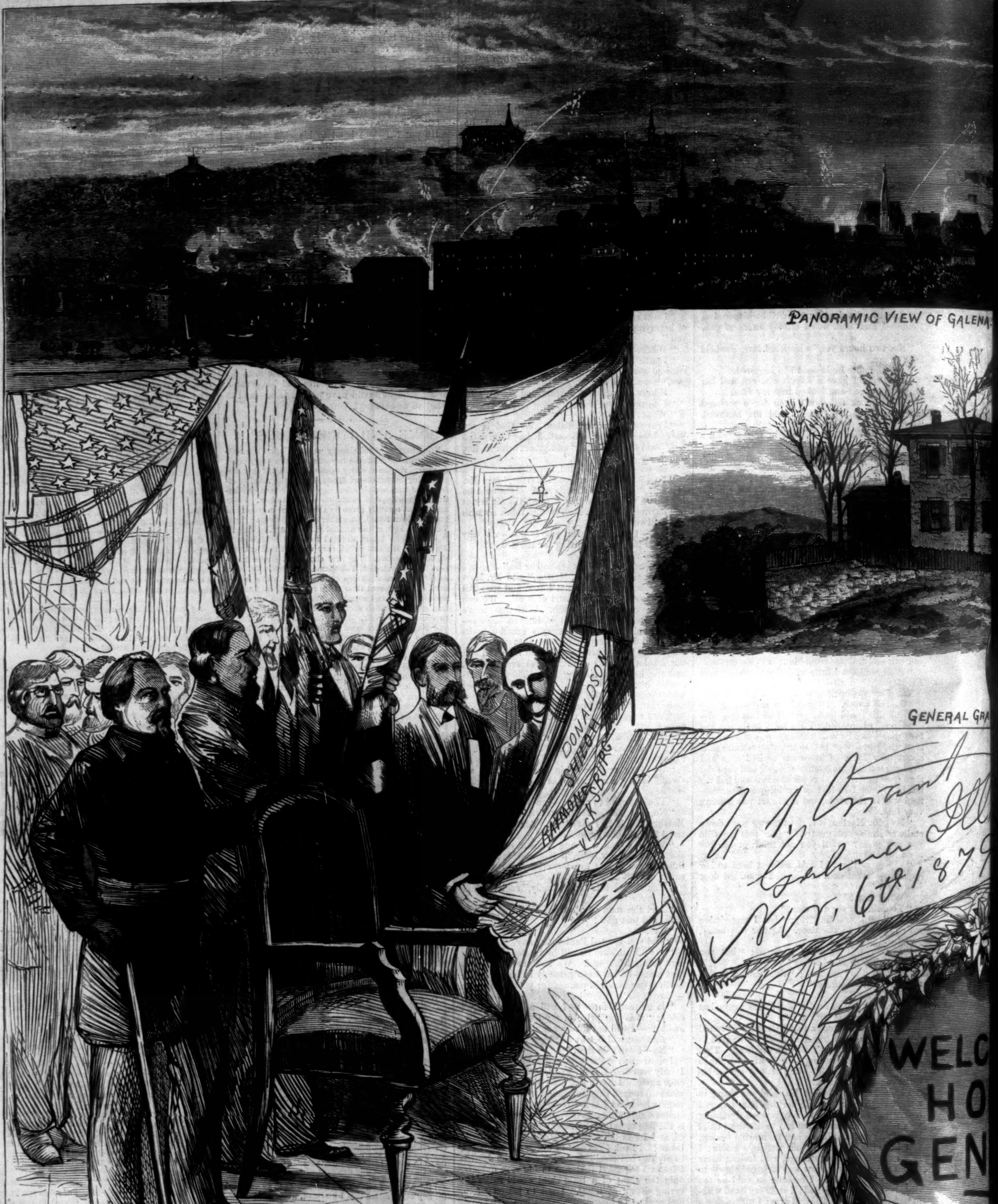
Incidental to the recent meeting of the National Academy of Sciences was a reception given to its members and a number of prominent citizens by Professor Henry Draper at his residence in Madison Avenue. During the evening the guests were entertained with an exhibition of Professor Edison's new speaking telephone. Professor Draper operated it from an upper room, and conversation, singing, notes of various instruments, etc., were heard with remarkable exactness. It was mentioned that the instrument was then used for the first time here, and that the one shown was about to be shipped with others for actual use in London.

Rosa Bonheur, who has been credited with presenting to the King of Spain a painting of a life-size head of a lion, denies having made the gift, and says, "Not having the honor of knowing particularly the King of Spain, and having no right to make him a present, I naturally desire that only the truth should be spoken on this subject."

Ice was formed in the gutters of the city of Memphis on November 3—a condition causing the yellow fever epidemic to be regarded as fully ended.

Reports say that on October 29 an Indian entered General Merritt's camp to have a "peace talk." He was informed that General Merritt had no authority to make peace. The Indian then gravely informed the general that if he would give up his arms, ammunition, horses, and mules, he would be allowed to leave with his men.

Manias for making collections of relics run in various directions, as an incident related in one of the foreign journals illustrates. As M. Jules Ferry, the French Minister of Education, was entering a carriage at the Toulouse railway station, his hat blew off, and before he could stoop to pick it up, an Englishman seized it and ran away. A policeman intercepted him, but he declared that nothing would tempt him to part with the treasure. It was discovered that the Englishman was a collector of old hats of distinguished persons. He lives in Paris, and owns a series of head-coverings which once belonged to various great people, snch as the Emperor, McMahon, Grévy, Gambetta, Thiers, Victor Hugo, and others. M. Ferry obtained his hat by good-naturedly promising upon his return to Paris to contribute one of his old head-coverings to this curious museum.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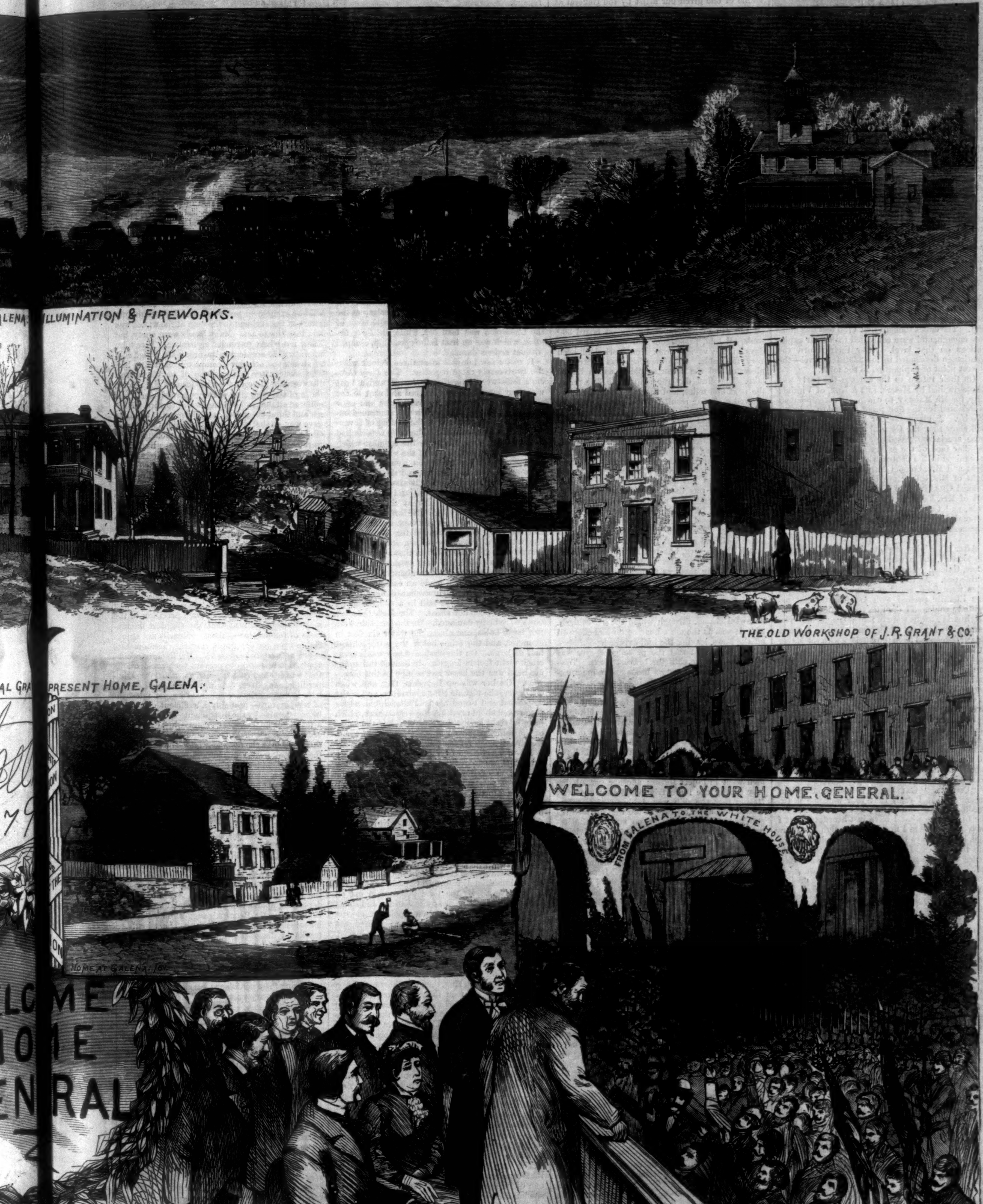
PANORAMIC VIEW OF GALENA.

GENERAL GRA

WAITING FOR THE GENERAL.

GENERAL GRANT AMONG HIS OLD NEIGHBO


LENA: ILLUMINATION & FIREWORKS.
THE OLD WORKSHOP OF J. R. GRANT & CO.
AL GRA PRESENT HOME, GALENA.
WELCOME TO YOUR HOME, GENERAL.
FROM GALENA TO THE WHITE HOUSE
HOME AT GALENA, '61.
LCOME
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THE GENERAL'S ADDRESS FROM THE STAND.

NEIGHBO ROM SKETCHES BY THEO. R. DAVIS.—[SEE PAGE 942.]

THE WELCOME TO GENERAL GRANT.

The ex-President, on his journey eastward, reached Virginia City, Nevada, on the 27th ult., where he was received with great enthusiasm. The processional, official, and other honors in Virginia and Gold Hill were abundant and attractive; but nothing was so interesting and personally gratifying to him as his visits to the mines and the Sutro Tunnel, his examination of the gigantic machinery in hoisting ores, crushing, pulverizing, amalgamating, and bringing into bullion the crude quartz, and fitting it for the art of the refiner and the coinage of the mint.

The visit to the mines was made on the day after the reception. After an early breakfast the General and his party placed themselves under the guidance of the "bonanza kings," Messrs. Mackay and Fair, the two richest miners in the world, who soon conveyed them to the Consolidated Virginia and California mines. The party altogether was composed of General Grant, wife, and son; James G. Fair and wife; John W. Mackay; Governor Kinkead and wife; Mrs. M. G. Gillette; T. B. H. Stenhouse, of the New York *Herald*; J. W. Robbins, correspondent of the Chicago *Inter-Ocean*; C. R. Brodix, correspondent of the Bloomington (Illinois) *Leader*; and Ed. Colnon, of the Virginia *Chronicle*.

The descent into the mine was moderately slow, and the "cage" with its valuable freight glided as steadily downward and as free from unpleasant motion as any elevator in New York city. The ladies thought that 1750 feet was quite low enough, and were contented with their explorations on that level. After their return the gentlemen descended to the 2350 feet level—the lowest point of exploration in the mine.

On their return to the surface the party was photographed by Messrs. Lee & Noe, of Virginia City, for Mr. Mackay, to whom our correspondent is indebted for the first proof to send to *Harper's Weekly*. A glance at our picture on page 937 will show that the General and his companions were specially dressed for the occasion. The familiar face of the ex-President will readily be recognized in the centre, with Mrs. Grant on his right and Mrs. Colonel Fair on his left; to the right of Mrs. Grant are U. S. Grant, Jun., Mrs. Colonel Gillette, and John W. Mackay; to the left of Mrs. Fair are Governor Kinkead, of Nevada, and Colonel J. G. Fair; in front of the General, kneeling by his lantern, is the faithful Japanese attendant.

After his mining exploits the General resumed his journey, and a week later he was in his old home, Galena. The reception there was a memorable one. As the train came in, numerous salutes were fired, and the vicinity of the station was literally packed with enthusiastic and delighted people. The militia from Galena and the neighboring towns were in line at the dépôt. The band played "Auld Lang Syne," and as General Grant descended from the carriage with the Mayor of Galena, Governor Cullom, Mrs. Grant, and the rest of the party following, the procession formed in the following order: Police; Galena, Freeport, and Dubuque militia; old soldiers of Galena; Dubuque Veteran Corps; General Grant and party in carriages, and distinguished citizens of Galena. Every building was decorated, and elaborate arches were erected in several streets. The procession made the circuit of the town, and the school-children sang "America" in front of General Grant's family church. Finally the procession stopped at a platform, where a formal greeting was extended by State Senator McClellan, in answer to which the ex-President said:

"Citizens of Galena: It is with some embarrassment that I reply that your welcome is exceedingly gratifying to me; but it is difficult for me to reply to what I have just heard, to what I have seen. Since I first left here, eighteen years ago, it has always been the greatest pleasure for me to return to Galena; and now, after an absence of two and a half years from your city, during which time I have visited almost every country in the world, it is a pleasure to be greeted in this manner by you. During my travels I received princely honors, but they were all due to this country, and to you as citizens and sovereigns of so great a country. When I saw, during my absence, especially in the far East, how hard the inhabitants had to toil even for a maintenance, I realized more than ever the greatness of our country, where want is scarcely ever known, and where the question of sustenance is not daily considered. I will only add that I thank you again for your reception."

It was fully five minutes before the cheers which greeted the speech had subsided. Other speeches were made by prominent men, after which the General held a reception at the De Soto House, which was attended by great throngs of people.

In the evening the town presented a brilliant spectacle. The main streets and buildings were brightly illuminated, while the light streamed from the windows of the houses on the surrounding hills. Highly colored rockets and Roman candles were continually set off in all directions, adding greatly to the brilliancy of the scene. The church and fire bells were rung, and the streets were crowded with people eagerly discussing the General's return and reception, the like of which Galena will scarcely see again.

General Grant and his family dined quietly at their residence, which they found nicely fitted up for their reception. From half past eight until ten o'clock there was a continuous stream of people on foot and in carriages, all intent upon paying their respects to the General and Mrs. Grant, who received them in a most hospitable manner.

Our artist in drawing the double-page illustration has included a number of interesting views, among them the new house in which the General lives, and below it the one in which he lived in 1861, while to the right of the former is the General's old work-shop. The autograph is a facsimile of one given our artist by the General at the evening reception. General Rowley, who was also present, is the only surviving one of eight members of the staff who were at the capture of Fort Donelson in 1862. Looking over the the old list, General Grant was deeply affected. Turning to General Rowley, he said, with evident emotion, "Have they all gone but us, Rowley?"

THREE WRECKS.

Calamities at sea are unhappily of frequent occurrence; but seldom is the community shocked by a series of marine disasters such as that which has taken place within the last few weeks. Two of the catastrophes so graphically depicted on page 936 occurred upon the same day. The total loss of the *Champion* five minutes after she came into collision with the *Lady Octavia* involved a terrible loss of life. The encounter of the *Arizona* with the iceberg fortunately resulted in nothing more serious than considerable damage to the vessel. The capsizing of the *Petrel* in mid-ocean was attended with the scenes of protracted horror that mark a wreck where there are a number of survivors left to battle with storm and starvation until a tardy succor arrives.

Fortunately the most important of these vessels, and that which carried the largest freight of human life, was the one that was spared. The *Arizona* is a steam-ship of the Williams & Guion Line, and sailed from New York for Liverpool on the 4th of November, having on board 300 souls, all told, passengers and crew. The first days of the voyage from New York had been very favorable. The weather was clear and pleasant, and the ocean as placid as an inland lake. The first day the ship made 380 miles, the next 363 miles, and the log of the third day showed a similar result. The *Arizona* was now well off the Banks of Newfoundland, and one day more would have put her beyond their ice-infested shores. Under these circumstances Captain Thomas Jones, who commanded, felt justified in running his ship at full speed. On the night of Friday, the 7th, the vessel was in charge of the officer of the watch, John Wynn Jones, Captain Jones having left the bridge at nine o'clock. All was then safe, and as the night, though overcast, was not dark, no danger was apprehended. Ten minutes later the ship, going at topmost speed, plunged head on into a mountain of ice. The huge vessel trembled like an aspen leaf, and recoiled, but again advanced and struck the iceberg, but fortunately with diminished force. The first blow had stove in her bows, crushing them as though they were made of card-board. Tons of ice fell upon the decks, or were forced through the gaping hole in the bow. Full fifteen feet of the iron-work had been broken, bent, twisted, and forced inward, leaving an awful chasm, through which the waves dashed. It was as though a huge cutter had chopped off the bows, leaving the hull exposed.

The sight that met the passengers' eyes was well calculated to chill the bravest heart. Towering above the steamer's bows rose a huge iceberg, threatening her with instant destruction. Out of the submerged field rose three huge cone-shaped masses sixty or seventy feet into the air. There was danger that one of these would topple over and crush the ship into a shapeless mass. In the few moments which followed this discovery men seemingly lived years of agony. The affrighted sailors of the watch fled behind the bridge, and thinking only of their own safety, set to work to launch one of the boats. One of these men wept in abject terror; another spread dismay among the more frightened passengers by stating that the ship was sinking rapidly. Unfortunately, appearances but too well justified his statement, for the steamer, on striking the iceberg, listed heavily to starboard, and sank visibly forward, creating the impression that she was settling at the bows, which, broken and twisted, no longer offered a barrier to the in-rushing water which rapidly filled the fore-peak. Between the passengers and destruction there stood only the slight barrier formed by the collision bulk-head, but at first it was impossible to tell whether it had not also been driven in. Should it prove so, all on board the *Arizona* were doomed to death. A hasty examination revealed the fact that the bulk-head had not given way, and that the fore-hold was free from water. A boat was then lowered, and the first officer proceeded to examine the breach in the bow. When he made his report, it was announced that the ship would lie to for the night, and that in the morning measures would be taken to repair the damage. Subsequently, on consultation with Mr. Guion, one of the owners, who with several members of his family was on board, it was decided to make for St. Johns, Newfoundland, the nearest port of refuge. This news was joyfully received, as there was a strong impression that the ship had received more damage than the officers were willing to admit.

As soon as the excitement had become somewhat allayed, the passengers assembled in the saloon, and, at the suggestion of the Rev. J. M. Ross, all knelt in prayer, to return thanks for their deliverance from imminent death. All joined in the hymn, "Praise God, from whom all blessings flow," with a deep and earnest fervor. During the remainder of the night very few persons went to bed, but kept watch in the saloon, till, worn out by fatigue, they dropped asleep on the seats. The weather continued perfectly calm, and the disabled ship made good headway toward St. Johns. At eight in the evening the lights on the coast were sighted, and by ten o'clock the town lights could be distinctly seen nestling in the shadow of the rocky coast. Signal guns were fired, but no notice was paid to them from the shore. In the morning a pilot came off and brought the *Arizona* safely in. Her arrival created an immense sensation, and thousands of people have visited her at Shea's Wharf, while she lies waiting for repairs.

The story of the loss of the *Champion* is one that can be told in a few words, so sudden was the catastrophe, and so terrible the fate that immediately overwhelmed the unhappy vessel. The *Champion* belonged to the New York and Charleston Line, and sailed from her pier in this city at five o'clock on the evening of Thursday, November 6. The voyage from New York, up to the moment of the disaster, was wholly without incident. The night was quite clear and star-lit, and the steamer passed Sandy Hook soon after dark. Supper being over, most of the passengers retired to the state-rooms, which were on deck. At three o'clock in the morning Captain Lockwood, having seen the vessel safely past the Jersey coast, lay down with his clothes on. Six minutes later he was made aware that a sailing vessel was ahead, close at hand. He went immediately to his wheel-house, stopped the engine, and then backed the steamer; but before the *Champion's* headway could be stopped, the two vessels had collided. The *Lady Octavia*, according to the officers of the *Champion*, struck the latter vessel on the starboard side, near the cat-head, driving her bow clear through the latter's walls, and the two vessels were locked together for several seconds. The *Champion* then fell away, owing probably to the reversal of her wheels, for Captain Lockwood had given his engineer the signal to back. The passengers and all the crew, except those who were on duty, were asleep at the time the accident occurred. The whole stem of the *Champion* was torn out, while the *Lady Octavia*, which was an iron full-rigged ship, escaped without serious damage.

It was a few minutes after three o'clock when the two vessels came together. The *Lady Octavia's* sails were immediately furled, and a boat with four men in it was lowered and sent to the assistance of the drowning passengers and crew of the *Champion*. The search was continued until daylight, and resulted in the finding of seventeen men and one woman. The *Lady Octavia* had then drifted a long way from the topmast which was sticking a few feet out of the water, marking the spot where the *Champion* went down. No more persons could be found, and the *Lady Octavia's* boat was recalled. The boatswain was sent to the mast-head with a glass, and after a long, careful survey he reported that there were no signs of other survivors. The order was then given by Captain James Johnson to make sail, and the *Lady Octavia* headed for Philadelphia. She was in a leaking condition, and word went around soon after the collision that she was sinking. Her two life-boats were swung on the davits, and preparations made to abandon her, when the carpenter, who had made an examination, reported that there was no immediate danger, for the damaged bulk-head was still in a sound enough condition to keep her afloat. The *Lady Octavia's* bows were badly damaged. On the port side were two large holes, one above the water six feet in diameter, and the other below the water almost half as large. On the starboard bow was a great crack eight feet in length. Imbedded in her figure-head was the brass hawse-pipe of the *Champion*. On her way up Delaware Bay, and when off Lewes, she signaled for assistance, and a tug responded and towed her to Philadelphia, where she arrived about noon. A Norwegian bark, which hove in sight as the *Lady Octavia* left the scene of the collision, picked up six men, four of whom were passengers on the *Champion*.

Few vessels have ever had to contend with a severer storm than that which accomplished the destruction of the *Petrel*. In the case of the *Champion* succor was at hand, but the first help that came to the miserable survivors of this ill-fated vessel reached them days after the terrible disaster occurred. The *Petrel* was capsized on the 29th of October. On Monday, November 3, the first mate on board the Austrian bark *Rebus*, sailing between London and New York, discovered the hull of a vessel about half a mile to windward. As he caught sight of the wreck a low sound resembling a cry for help fell upon his ear, and he immediately informed Captain Ivancich of his discovery. By the time the captain got on deck the cry for help was quite distinct, and something red had been hoisted on a pole.

"Man the small boat," the captain shouted, and five seamen and Mate Reda promptly obeyed. Quite a heavy sea was running at the time, and there was great danger of the boat capsizing, but the experienced seamen kept her from doing so. Upon coming alongside of the wreck, over which the waves were washing, they were horror-stricken to hear from six men then on board that they were the only living of a crew of twenty-one, and that twelve of the fifteen dead were there—in the cabins and forecastle. The survivors, who saved nothing but the clothes they wore, were taken on board the Austrian bark and cared for. Some of them were too feeble to walk, and had to be carried. After all were safe on board, another trip to the hull of the vessel was made to establish the fact that no one had been deserted. As they were about leaving her for the last time, a heavy sea struck the hull on the port side, and as it recovered from the shock, two dead bodies were forced up through the main hatch. The flesh on their faces was almost all torn from the bones, rendering both unrecognizable. The crew attached a weight to the bodies, and they sank.

The story of the *Petrel's* struggle with the gale that capsized her, as told by the survivors, was one of intense horror. On the 25th of October she left New Bedford, with a miscellaneous cargo, for Bravo, Cape de Verde Islands. She was commanded by Captain Fisher, a part owner of the vessel, and had on board twenty-one persons, seventeen of whom were to do the work of seamen in part payment for their passage. On the morning of Tuesday, the 28th, the gale first struck the vessel. By noon it blew stiffly, and several sails had to be "winged." The wind then suddenly changed to the southeast, causing a heavy chopped sea for about an hour, through which the schooner labored heavily, and shipped large quantities of water. As night closed in, threatening clouds totally obscured the light of the moon, making the situation more critical. For the safety of the craft all sails were taken in, and she scudded before the gale under bare poles. At half past ten in the evening the wind veered to the northwest, blowing a hurricane. A terrific sea was running, and it required every effort of the crew to keep the vessel from falling into the trough of the sea and being water-logged. The waves washed the decks, and every one obliged to be above was in imminent danger of being washed overboard. All night the gale continued, and by four o'clock in the morning the decks were washed clear of everything movable, and part of the mainmast had been carried away. The fury of the storm was increasing every minute, and Captain Fisher, who was still at his post, was not backward in expressing to his men his conviction of the terrible fate in store for them. At precisely five o'clock a terrific gust of wind struck the *Petrel* broadside. A crackling of timber was heard, and the remainder of the mainmast fell over the side of the vessel. A few minutes later the other mast was snapped by the gale. As it fell it struck the first mate (then at the wheel), cutting off all the fingers of his right hand, and knocking him senseless. Suddenly the vessel veered, the rudder-chains rattled, and she fell into the trough of the sea. The wildest excitement prevailed, and the captain, unaware of the accident to the man at the wheel, was at a loss how to act. Many hands were ready, but knew not where to render assistance. Five minutes after the accident to the first mate, a high roller struck the schooner, completely capsizing her. The scene after this was one of terrific horror. Between the time of the disaster and the rescue, those of the crew that were not already destroyed suffered all that can be imagined of torture. Hunger and thirst beset them, and the mind of the mate gave way, so that when his companions approached him, he screamed at them as monsters who were seeking his flesh to eat. Scenes like these have been frequently described by writers facile in the use of their pen, but no fiction ever equalled the simple story plainly told by the men rescued by the *Rebus*.

This last disaster was one apparently that no human foresight could avert, but in the cases of the *Arizona* and *Champion* a more careful watch might have prevented both calamities. One of the few good results that have come from these awful catastrophes is the discussion that has arisen regarding the use of scientific instruments and electric lights as safeguards to vessels at sea. In the course of a recent lecture Mr. R. A. Proctor indicated a practical application of Mr. Edison's microtasimeter, which is worth noting as a valuable suggestion. The tasimeter, as is well known, is an instrument of such precision in the measurement of heat that the slightest fluctuations of temperature—those ordinarily not appreciable even by our finest medical thermometers—are accurately registered. Mr. Proctor would apply this invention to prevent such accidents as that which has just happened to the *Arizona*, imperiling many lives. As the proximity of an iceberg is necessarily accompanied by some descent of temperature—probably a sufficient descent to be registerable by the instrument—he would place a tasimeter on board steamers whose pathways cross the track of icebergs or floes. More than this, he thinks the tasimeter might be so arranged that the alteration of temperature should either break or complete an electrical circuit, and be applied in this manner to the purpose of sounding an alarm, ringing a bell in the captain's room, in a word, piping all hands on deck to meet the emergency. Furthermore, as an electrical generator can be run on board a steamer without extra expense, it would require very little ingenuity, and no outlay for attendance, to convert the alteration or descent of temperature into a means of instantaneously illuminating the track of the vessel with the blaze of a powerful electric beam. Such a light, with such ordinary vigilance as seamen are bound to exercise, would have prevented the almost catastrophe to the *Arizona*, without depending upon a tasimeter to sound an alarm or ring a bell. Mr. Proctor's suggestion is no doubt ingenious, but, as the New York *Times* justly remarks in discussing it, "old sea-captains bear pretty general testimony to the very natural inference that all inventions intended to act as substitutes for human vigilance eventuate in the end in more loss than gain to human safety, by engendering false confidence, carelessness, and neglect of necessary precautions."

TWO REMARKABLE TAILORS.

Neither the late Professor Craik in his very interesting book on the *Pursuit of Knowledge under Difficulties*, nor Dr. Samuel Smiles in his *Self-Help*, has exhausted the material illustrative of self-education which diligent readers may find in the annals of the remote or the recent past. We have before us two brief biographies of men who, in the eighteenth century, astonished not only their neighbors, but many others to whom fame made them known, by the extent of their acquirements, and by the ardor with which they had struggled against adverse circumstances to obtain the knowledge they sought. It is not quite so easy now to appreciate the difficulties in the way of these men as it was when the biographies were written, more than a hundred years ago. We can recall to ourselves the successive changes which have occurred in that time in the condition of our working classes, and the marvellous increase in the means of self-culture. Scarcely one of the societies, either public or private, which have since done so much for the enlightenment of the masses of the people had then begun working. There was no cheap literature of any kind. Newspapers were then a luxury even to the middle classes, and a stray glance at them was all that a working-man could hope to obtain, even though he possessed the ability to read. To us, looking back to these times, it must seem to have been terribly arduous for a man depending on the labor of his hands for bread to become worthy of the epithet "learned." And yet that epithet was rightly applied to the two men of whom we are about to write. We have two reasons for linking their names together: they were both tailors, and they both devoted themselves to the study of languages. Their names were Henry Wild and Robert Hill.

Perhaps the best way to introduce the two men will be to mention an incident in the life of Wild. It was whilst he was residing at Norwich, and working there as a common tailor, that Dr. Prideaux—whose works are still read, and held in estimation by the learned world—was offered some singular Arabic manuscripts by a bookseller of that city. The doctor, evidently thinking that the demand for such goods must be next to *nil* in Norwich, declined to buy at the price named. That was a ruse of his. He thought he could get them at a cheaper rate when he next called, and even fancied that the bookseller would send to say he might have them at his lower rate. To his surprise, the bookseller did not send, and he called again, asking that he might have a second look at the manuscripts. "They're sold," said the bookseller. On asking "To whom?" he was told to a poor tailor; and he dispatched the bookseller at once to stop the tailor from cutting them up for measures. In a short time the poor tailor Wild came with the bookseller, carrying the manuscripts in his hands, and, to the delight of the dean, uninjured. The dean's delight was, however, changed to surprise when Wild declined to part with his Arabic treasures. He was incredulous. What could the man want with them? Wild simply replied that he wanted to read them. Prideaux hardly comprehended the tailor, and asked that humble individual to favor him with oral proof, and was astonished at the ease with which the man first read a passage and then translated it into English.

The dean did not let this incident pass without seeking to benefit this out-of-the-way student. He made inquiries about the life of Wild, and what he learned added to the impression which the poor tailor's reading had made. It seemed that Wild's friends, when he was a boy, were able to send him to the grammar school, and there his success was so great that an effort was made to enable him to go from school to the university. But unfortunately his friends could not manage that, and were forced to apprentice him to a tailor. After his seven years' apprenticeship he served seven years as journeyman, and then another seven years after that. During this twenty-one years' working on a tailor's bench he had almost forgotten all that had made him remarkable at school; but at the end of it a long illness of fever and ague, continuing for between two and three years, so reduced him as to make work impossible. Whilst thus compelled to be idle, he amused himself by reading certain odd volumes of old divinity which fell in his way, and the frequent references which he found to the original Hebrew text bred in him the desire to study that language. How to manage it was not easily found out. At last he obtained an English-Hebrew grammar and lexicon; and working at that, he was astonished to find how his old school knowledge came back to him. Strange to say, this new and now abiding interest seemed to have a good effect upon his health; and as he became stronger, he went on stitching through the day, and studying persistently half through the night. The Hebrew did not satisfy him. He found that as he came to understand it, its relations to other Oriental languages became apparent, and he set himself to master them. It is difficult to make out how he obtained the requisite books for his studies, but he did get them; and he used them to some effect, as his strange introduction to Dean Prideaux was the means of showing.

The dean was so much interested that, partly from his own means and partly by the aid of gentlemen who had a fellow-feeling for this tailor-Orientalist, he enabled Wild to remove to Oxford, where, though he never became a member of the university, he was yet able to prosecute his studies in the Bodleian, and to maintain himself in a very humble way by translating or making extracts from Oriental manuscripts. He lived thus for several years, and was known to the other students in the famous Oxford library as the Arabian tailor. Wild next removed to London, where Dr. Mead helped him to some little patronage; but he never obtained more than was sufficient for his very small wants. He taught and translated, and in 1734 he published the only book to which he put his name. His poverty continued to the very last, but never seemed especially irksome to him. He had no notion of, and indeed was every way unfit for, that kind of success which most men seek to obtain. Knowledge was to him all in all.

Our other tailor, Robert Hill, was a native of Tring, in Hertfordshire, being born there in the last year of the seventeenth century; but the greater part of his life was spent in Buckingham, in which town he died in 1777. The story of his life from which we cull the following information is dated 1754, when he had still more than twenty years to dwell among men. We can not, therefore, speak of the end of his life—of what he was and of what he did in these twenty years—but what we do know of him is worth repeating. He was indebted to a relative for his acquaintance with the alphabet, and having that, he managed to obtain such further knowledge of letters as enabled him to read while he was a boy at home. All the time he ever spent at school was about seven weeks, during which he obtained some notion of writing the letters and words which he already knew how to read. When he was fourteen years old he was apprenticed to a tailor at Buckingham, and even then manifested a strange desire to master languages. The first money he managed to scrape together went in the purchase of a Beza's Testament in Latin and a Latin grammar. He found it far from easy to learn Latin from these books, and hit on the admirable device of doing some service for one or other of the boys attending the Free School, stipulating that he should have in return the English of certain words that puzzled him, or an explanation of a perplexing rule in his grammar. Before he got to the end of his apprenticeship he had not only learned his trade—he was quite diligent at that—but he was proud of being able to read several Latin classics with much ease. Of course this sedulous studying of his was talked about, and at last became known to a gentleman who, having recently lost a son, gave to Hill the books which had belonged to his boy. Among them was a Greek Testament, which proved an attractive curiosity to the young tailor. He was fortunate in having a little help to acquire this language, and in about three years could read Homer with some pleasure.

His desire "to know" became so great that he failed to attend to his work, and for some years he became a sort of travelling tailor, going from town to town, and from district to district, but always on the look-out for some one who could help him with this or that language. His was not an ordinary sort of life to lead; he seemed unsettled and of a vagabondish nature, but was nevertheless intent on what was then the one thing needful to him—knowledge. When he was thirty-four years old he began to study Hebrew, but found that his Shindler's grammar was not very helpful; it took for granted that so much was known which, in this case at least, the student did not know. Hill thought that if any one knew Hebrew, a Jew should, and accordingly looked out for one. He found one on tramp like himself, and proposed that they should travel together, in order that the Jew might with the greater ease teach Hill what he knew of the grand old language of the Bible. Unfortunately this was so little that Hill was disappointed, and looked out for another member of the ancient race. He had to seek not one only, but many, and all alike wanted the ability to teach. Then he turned again to grammars, and working steadily through eleven different ones, he at last became familiar with the language in which the Bible was given to mankind.

Besides his study of languages, he devoted himself to all sorts of out-of-the-way inquiries, while tramping on from place to place in the daytime, asking many questions as he went, or as he sat cross-legged on some cottager's table mending his torn or worn garments, and then sitting up long into the night with his grammars and his books in strange tongues.

At last advancing age warned him that he must end his vagabond life; and so he went back to Buckingham, where for the rest of his days he remained in obscurity, earning just enough to keep him from starving, but always content, his mind filled with the curious information picked up by him in his little travels, and ever turning with pride and interest to the great books which in Latin, Greek, and Hebrew always had in them food for his hungry mind. He made more in appearance as an author than Henry Wild did, having in his later days published *Remarks on Berkeley's Essay on Spirit*, *Criticisms on Job*, and *The Character of a Jew*, this last work being one in which he could well illustrate the old saw that familiarity breeds contempt. We need not say that Hill's knowledge of Jews was small, and that if it had been his lot to have been known to men of that race who were then, and whose sons are now, distinguished for their learning, he would have appreciated the distance and the difference between the vagabond and the educated Hebrew.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

It was a very mean man who slipped his hand between the heads of a young man and young lady in the front seat as the train entered the tunnel. He said afterward the young man's beard was very stiff, but the pressure on the other side of the hand felt like the tips of a fur tie.

"Come here, Sir, till I tan your jacket for you," said Currier to a truant pupil. The boy softly answered, "A soft tan, Sir." The muscles of the teacher's face and arm relaxed, and the punishment was commuted to the admonition to be careful about playing hookey again. Thus it is that a soft tan, Sir, turneth away wrath.

A passer-by puts his head in at the window of the shop where an honest cobbler is working, never thinking of evil, and says, cheerily, "Well, my friend, how many thieves are there in this street, without counting you?" "What!" yells the cobbler, "without counting me?" "Well, then," says his imperturbable questioner, "how many are there, counting you?"

"There is nothing like settling down," said a retired merchant, confidentially, to his neighbor. "When I gave up business I settled down, and found I had quite a comfortable fortune. If I had settled up, I shouldn't have had a cent."

Many girls would rather wear their stockings with holes in them than have them darned, because when darned they are mended, and girls prefer men alive.

A young man who sneers at a girl's false teeth hasn't a well-balanced head. Let him marry a girl who has toothache and neuralgia, and he will see where he was lame.

Where does the head of a pin go to when it gets mixed up with a fellow's collar? You can't miss the point; but the head is neither on one side nor the other.

Bergen Tunnel would be a good place for the next walking match—the trains must be kept running, however.

A political economist says "the best wives are cheapest." Yet every man who has a good wife looks upon her as "a little dear."

Nothing is so fatal to the romance of a kiss as to have your girl sneeze at the very climax of osculation.

Wife. "But, my dear, I shall catch cold coming down so late to let you in."

Husband. "Oh no, my love; I'll rap you up well before you come down."

FRAGMENTS OF A PAINTER'S EXPERIENCE.

Facts are more useful than opinions; and fragments of a great painter's experience are better than whole acres of art criticism. The exhibition of the late William M. Hunt's collected works in the Boston Art Museum during the month of November affords a convenient occasion for gathering a few hitherto unpublished memoranda of his sayings, aims, and doings. If anybody knew Mr. Hunt well, that person is Mr. John G. Carter, who assisted him in decorating the Assembly-Chamber at Albany, who worked with him in his studio during the last two years and a half of his life, who was his companion, confidant, helper, and friend, and who one of these days will himself acquire distinction as an artist. To several conversations with Mr. Carter the writer is indebted for the following details.

The greatest undertaking of Mr. Hunt's life was the decoration of the Assembly-Chamber which I have mentioned. If you stand in the centre of the chamber, with your face toward the Speaker's desk, there will be at your right, against the stone wall, and under a large arch that diverges from the ceiling, a vast painting, forty-five feet long, called "The Flight of Night." A goddess is seated on the clouds, and she drives, without reins, three superb and fiery steeds, which plunge into the darkness. On her left an attendant is shielding from the rays of the dawn the reclining figures of Sleep and an infant child. Directly opposite, on the other wall, is a picture, of the same length, called "The Discoverer." The scene is on the open sea, and the Discoverer stands in a small boat, the figure of Fortune at the helm, and Science, Hope, and Faith in the water near the bow.

Mr. Hunt received $15,000 from the State of New York for these works, but the opportunity to execute them was entirely unsolicited by him. He pulled no wires in order to get the appointment, nor did his personal friends secure it for him. Mr. Eidlitz, the architect, he had never even met. The solicitation pleased him, because he had not sought it; it puzzled him, because he had not expected it, and was ignorant of the precise nature of the undertaking required. There were two objections in his mind to undertaking the task—one, the great height at which the work was to be done, and the other, the limited time at his disposal. The staging was to be ready by the 1st of September, and the pictures were to be finished by the 21st of December; the days between were too few, he thought. But his friends, and the commissioners appointed by the Legislature, were urgent and eloquent. Finally, they persuaded him, and he agreed to do the work.

The magnitude of the undertaking fully possessed the artist. He locked himself up in his studio, denied himself to every caller, and went into training for the contest. Here are the successive steps of his preparation. In the first place he experimented with pigments laid on large blocks of dark Ohio sandstone—the material of which the walls of the Assembly-Chamber are built; for it must be remembered that the paintings which now adorn those walls are put directly upon the bare, cold stone. To decorate surfaces of plaster or of wood is a process neither new nor especially difficult; the frescoing of such surfaces has often been accomplished. But never before had an American, or, so far as known, any other, painter been asked to paint large pictures on a stone wall. Many of Mr. Hunt's brother artists frankly asserted that the feat could not be accomplished, and that the first frosts of winter would show that it could not be. Mr. Hunt, however, had no doubts whatever. Two years before he had invented a marvellous set of pigments which when dried were as hard as flint, and as luminous almost as light itself.

He was therefore sure of his paint, but he determined to become doubly sure by trying it on slabs of Ohio sandstone. He submerged these painted slabs in water for days in order to test the paint. The winter before he had subjected similar painted slabs to the action of the frost. The writer has seen one of them that had been frozen for six months, and then thawed out. The colors were of unparalleled brilliancy and freshness, and the pigments seemed as hard and firm as stone. The next step was to experiment in harmonies of colors in conjunction with the color of the sandstone; the whole scheme of color was to be designed with reference to the color of the stone walls of the chamber. The third step was to experiment with color values in their relation to one another. Fourteen oblong pieces of pasteboard, three and a half feet long by one and a half wide, covered each with a separate presentation of the subject, are now in his studio, and bear witness to the faithfulness and studiousness of his preliminary work. They are concerned not all with composition, but solely with relations of color, and are exceedingly interesting and beautiful—so beautiful that one wonders whether or not, in making his final selection from them, Mr. Hunt was not embarrassed by his abundance of good things. Then came the fourth step, namely, to paint on canvas his working studies for the pictures themselves. These studies were eight feet and a half long by five feet and a half wide. By the use of photographs and the calcium-light he proposed to throw them upon the walls of the chamber, and then to draw them in outline. For two months—July and August—he was most industriously engaged in these preliminary undertakings, and when the 1st of September came he was ready to go to the Capitol. The staging, however, was not completed, and he was compelled to wait a month and a half longer. On the night of the 18th of October, 1878, he began his grand enterprise in the Assembly-Chamber by throwing on the walls, with the calcium-light, his studies of "The Discoverer" and "The Flight of Night."

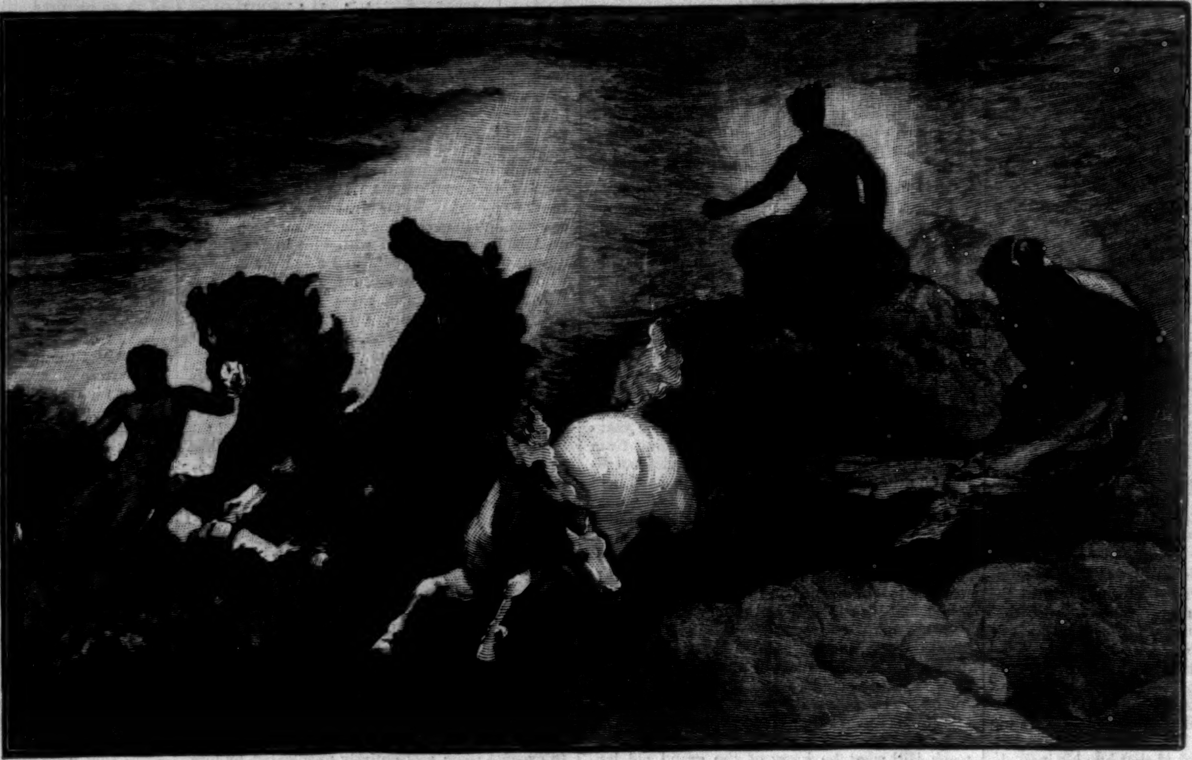
The next evening he drew the outlines of one of these pictures, using again the calcium-light, and working until two or three o'clock in the morning. When he went to bed he left behind him on the walls "The Flight of Night" in outline. At noon of Sunday he returned to the Capitol, climbed up to the staging, and examined the vast delineation. He thought it not large enough to fill the place allotted. Hastily conferring with Mr. Carter, he resolved to destroy it and make another one. No sooner was the resolution taken than he sent down for water and sponges, and in a few minutes the entire labor of the previous night was wiped out. It was characteristic of Mr. Hunt to act precisely so. The wall was cleansed, and that was the end of the matter. He meant to be right before he went ahead. He proceeded with the task of erasure as though he was wild; even more enthusiastic was he in the process of destruction than in that of creation. That night the picture was drawn in again. The next afternoon some charcoal shading was added; and at night the calcium-light, again brought into play, threw the picture of "The Discoverer" upon the opposite wall, where Mr. Hunt soon drew it in outline, which in turn was shaded. A thin glaze of tint, made of turpentine, prepared oil, and pigment, was added to fix the charcoal drawings, and to get certain values.

It was on the 29th of October, almost a month after his arrival in Albany, that Mr. Hunt began at last to paint, and on the 21st of December the work was finished. Yet on account of the scaffolding he had never seen it from the floor, and was entirely in the dark as regards its effect. His anxiety culminated with the completion of the task; but when the next day the scaffolding was taken away, and he went in company with his brother, Mr. Leavitt Hunt, Mr. Leavitt Hunt's son, and Mr. Carter to the Capitol, and, standing on the floor of the Assembly-Chamber, cast his reluctant eyes in the direction of the two designs that had cost him so much labor, time, and thought, his satisfaction was immediate and perfect, and his joy rapturous. The supreme moment of the enterprise had come, and he found himself victorious. It is needless to say that the friends who stood beside him shared and magnified his delight.

The work had, indeed, been exceptionally pleasant all through. To Mr. Carter he said that he had never enjoyed himself as much as during the six months given to those pictures. To Mr. Eidlitz he repeated the statement. Toward the end of the period he had some trouble with a swollen knee, but otherwise his health had been excellent, and his cheerfulness unbounded as his ardor. Mr. Carter was the only artist in the country who assisted him. The calcium-light was used because time pressed, and the pictures were to be finished against the day the Legislature met. Otherwise he would have first drawn large cartoons of them on paper, and taken these to Albany, and traced them on the walls. One other difficulty should not be overlooked. Below the places reserved for the paintings was a row of stained-glass windows, which created a serious problem that only the marvellous luminousness of the peculiar paint in use was able to solve. To make the paintings look luminous while the windows remained directly beneath them was the great task to which he addressed himself, and the most wonderful part of his performance in that noble Assembly-Chamber is the absolute success with which he accomplished it.

Mr. Hunt returned to Boston on Tuesday, the 24th of December, 1878. He rested for three or four weeks, and then painted the portraits of Mr. William Gardiner and of himself. He began also the portrait of the late Judge Wells. About the 1st of April following he made a visit to his brother, Mr. Leavitt Hunt, at Weathersfield, Vermont, and was there taken ill. "Nervous prostration," his physicians said, and it was accompanied at times by great depression of spirit. A sea-voyage was recommended, and in order to test the effect of sea-air upon his system, he proceeded to the Isles of Shoals in company with his devoted sister, Miss Jane Hunt, and his devoted friend, Mr. John G. Carter. The change proved agreeable and beneficial to him; in a few weeks he weighed seven pounds more than ever before. Mr. Hunt appeared to be doing well, with the exception of occasional periods of mental depression. Mr. Carter returned to his home in Massachusetts. As for watching him, nobody thought of doing that; had the propriety or need of it been felt, Mr. Carter was the one of all others to have performed that service. In a few days he received a letter from the painter, written in a happy, even jovial, spirit. One week afterward Mr. Hunt arose from bed in a less cheerful mood than usual, ate his breakfast, and went out for a stroll about the Thaxter Cottage, near the Appledore House. It was misting somewhat, and after walking an hour or so he came in, changed his wet shoes and damp stockings, asked his sister to have them dried, put on a fresh pair of each, sat down and talked a little, and then went out. He was never seen alive again. When dinner-time came they missed him. An anxious search of a few minutes only discovered his dead body floating in a small reservoir behind the cottage. For two hours it had been there, and life had fled forever. The busy brain and cunning hand were at rest; and peaceful with a peace that passed all understanding was the face of the sleeper who would know no waking.

Did Mr. Hunt commit suicide? The telegraphic dispatch that saddened so many hearts all over the land with the tidings of his death said that he did, and that his hat was found near the "tank" where he was drowned. This "tank" was a reservoir a hundred feet in diameter, formed of a shelving rock on one side and a stone wall on the other sides. The rock sloped from the crest of a hillock, and the reservoir was built out from it, for the purpose of supplying water to the steamers that plied between the island and the main-land. A person walking on the hillock



SERVANT. GODDESS OF NIGHT. SLEEP WITH ATTENDANTS.

THE FLIGHT OF NIGHT.—Photographed by J. W. Black & Co.

could easily continue his course along the top of the wide wall. Everybody knows how people in the country divert themselves, and how naturally Mr. Hunt might have been strolling on the hilltop or along the wall when an attack of apoplexy or a rush of blood to the head would have toppled him over unconscious into the water. There is absolutely no evidence to prove that he committed suicide. His hat was found, not on the wall or ground, but under him. His watch, chain, pocket-book, diamond ring, memorandum-book, and some letters were all on his person. So far as his most intimate friends and relatives know, he had no motive for making away with himself, but every motive to live, to hope, and to expect. He possessed money, fame, a fair store of health, a boundless store of friends. His success at Albany had begotten intimations and offers of other vast decorative work in the same Assembly-Chamber. The ordinary products of his studio were never so widely appreciated or so warmly praised. Neither in writing nor in conversation had he dropped a word that might be tortured into an indication of an intention or a wish to lay violent hands upon himself. Not a single last message was penned for those who loved him best. In fact, every circumstance that attended Mr. Hunt's death looks in a direction away from rather than toward suicide.

Mr. Hunt's nature was sympathetic and benevolent to an extent that few persons outside of the circle of his intimate friends are aware of. Those who met him casually and for a few minutes were wont to consider him a man of extraordinary decision, daring, and force. He was all that, but more. During his last visit to Niagara his sister returned to their hotel one evening, and remarked that while buying some bead-work in a small shop she had been greatly distressed by hearing a sick child cry in the back room. She was sure that the child was suffering a great deal. Its screams still pierced her ears.

"I believe," said Mr. Hunt, "that I can cure that child, and, what is more, I am going to do it."

He arose from his chair, and called for his rubber shoes. It was half past nine o'clock, dark, and raining, but all attempts to dissuade him from his purpose were futile. Asking particularly in regard to the whereabouts of the shop, he sallied out hastily. At one o'clock in the morning he returned, rather wet, but very happy.

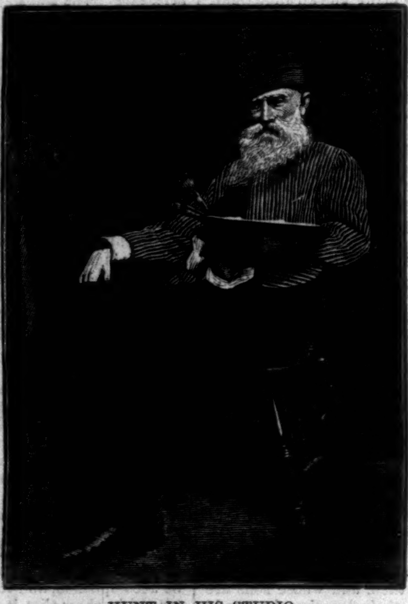
"How's your child?" inquired Mr. Carter.

"She's all right. I left her sleeping; and I tell you, Carter, that kind of work pays."

On another occasion, while driving in Boston with his boy "Tom," Mr. Hunt's attention was attracted to an organ-grinder whose aspect was even more forlorn than usual. "Hold the horse a minute, Tom," he exclaimed; "I'm going to give that fellow a lift." Jumping down from his buggy, he approached the itinerant dispenser of what, for convenience, may be called music, exchanged coats and hats with him, picked up his organ and stick, swung the former around on his back, proceeded to the house of a friend, and began to play. A few cents were thrown out at him; but, resolved to finish the joke, he went up the steps of the building, rang the door-bell, and was recognized at once, as soon as he took his hat off. He did not leave until he had collected eight dollars, which he gave to the musical tramp, after again exchanging hats and coats. "Tom," said he, as he mounted his buggy again—"Tom, that fellow 'll sleep better to-night for that."

His kindness to young artists is proverbial, although a certain critic did once say of him that he was for driving them all out of Boston. He heard one day of a poor painter who was sick and in danger of being turned out of his lodgings. Being about to leave the city, he made a hurried call upon his *confrère*. "I will have everything paid," he whispered. "Rest easy till I come back, and we'll see what can be done for you." It is needless to add that he kept his word.

In Mr. Hunt's pocket, after his death, was found a small memorandum-book in which he had written the prescriptions of his physicians. Interspersed among these prescriptions were a number of original maxims, jotted down from time to time as they occurred to his mind. Let me transcribe three of them, which are golden:



HUNT IN HIS STUDIO.
Photographed by J. W. Black & Co.

"To be strong, get self-control; to be strong, live for others."

"Selfishness shortens up the road of life to a point. That is fine, is it not? Epictetus never excelled it."

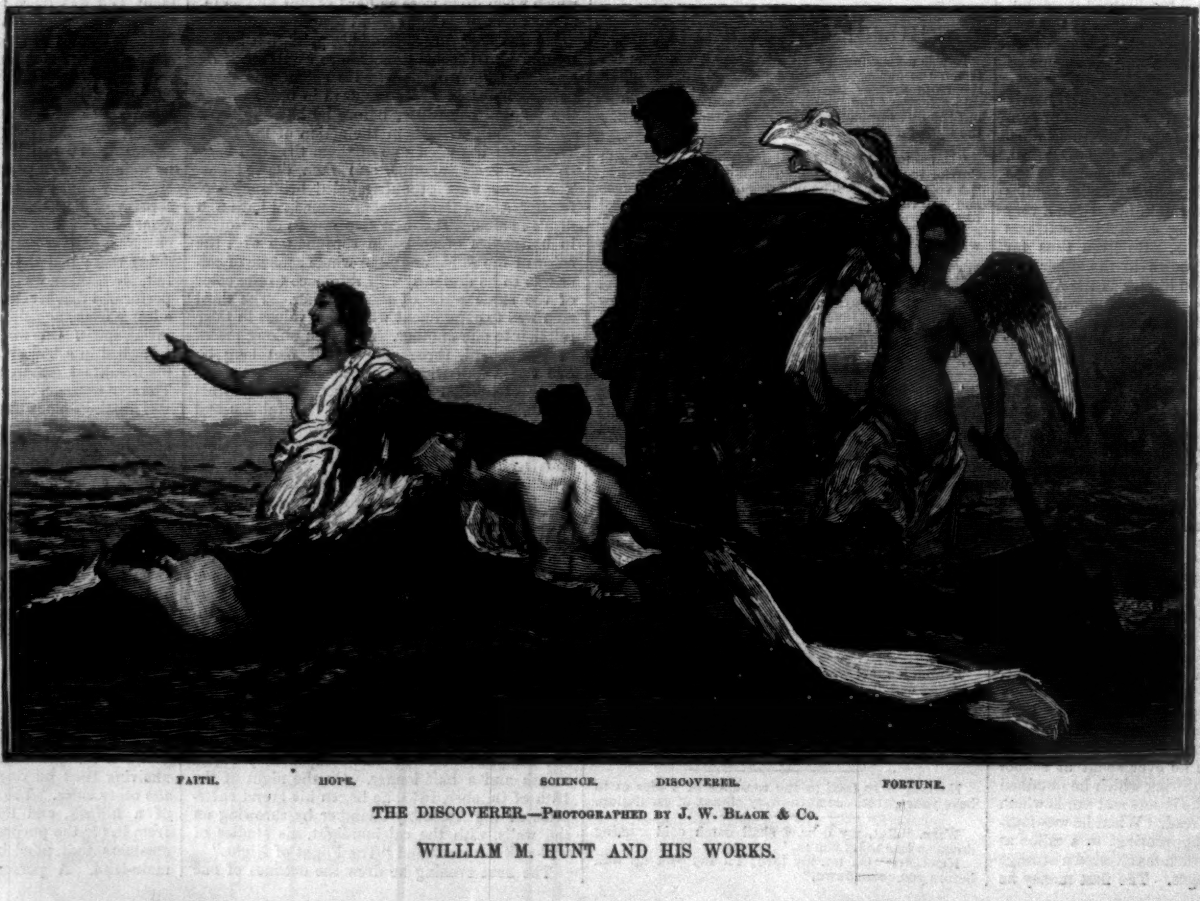
"No one ever injures us—we injure ourselves."

Before his easel Mr. Hunt worked with the greatest rapidity. He used plenty of paint, and wide, thick brushes; but he never began to work until he was ready and in the mood. Then every touch was certain and decisive. One of the most characteristic of his "Talks on Art" was this one: "Now don't think that when I say I want to paint that boy in one day, that I count it only one day's work. For weeks I have considered it, have prepared different grounds—four certainly—have experimented on similar grounds, to know which will be best. I've thought of it day and night, awaking at three o'clock in the morning with the thought of it, whether I can get him vigorous enough against a certain background. So I keep this picture in mind, until I feel that I can strike the color here, there—can make this dark enough, that light enough. Then, when the time comes, I must be ready to paint, and I tell you it is no joke to paint a portrait. I wonder that I am not more timid when I begin. I feel almost certain that I can do it. It seems very simple. I don't think of the time that is sure to come, when I almost despair, when the whole thing seems hopeless. Into the painting of every picture that is worth anything there comes some time this period of despair."

A peculiarity of Mr. Hunt as an artist was that he could not paint the portrait of a sitter with whom he did not feel in sympathy. Of course he was not under the sway of financial considerations, as many artists are more or less compelled to be; his father left him wealthy, and he never lacked money. Yet had he been poor, he would never have painted for money. Some people he could not paint at all—he simply declined to make the attempt. One day an order came for a portrait of a former principal of Phillips Academy from a miniature which had been sent for the purpose. "It's no use," he exclaimed, after looking at the picture—"it's no use; I can't do it." Soon afterward a letter arrived, in which was described the most admirable character of the man. "A fellow like that," he exclaimed, after reading it, "deserves his portrait painted. I am going to do it." One of his pupils asked him once: "Would you paint Mr. A——, if I could persuade him to sit for his portrait?" Hunt's prompt answer was: "I don't like *persuaded* sitters. I never could paint a cat, if the cat had any scruples, religious, superstitious, or otherwise, about sitting."

Sometimes he required six or eight sittings for a portrait, at other times fifteen or even twenty. He almost always had a cigar in his mouth while painting, though it was not always lighted. After the second or third sitting, he became so engrossed in the work as to be oblivious of every surrounding. Though social and chatty at the beginning of the task, he became silent, uncommunicative, absorbed. "What I try to represent," he once said to Mr. Carter, "is what no one can see, and that is the soul of a man." With this purpose in view, his habit was, if possible, to visit the sitter at the latter's home or place of business, to put himself perfectly *en rapport* with him, to familiarize himself with the innermost thoughts of his heart. At the end of the work he always seemed to be exhausted, as if the vital energies had been drawn out of him; but during the process itself his method knew no languor, but was of heat and flame. When the picture pleased him, he manifested his pleasure as *naïvely* as a child would. He would compliment the performance most unreservedly.

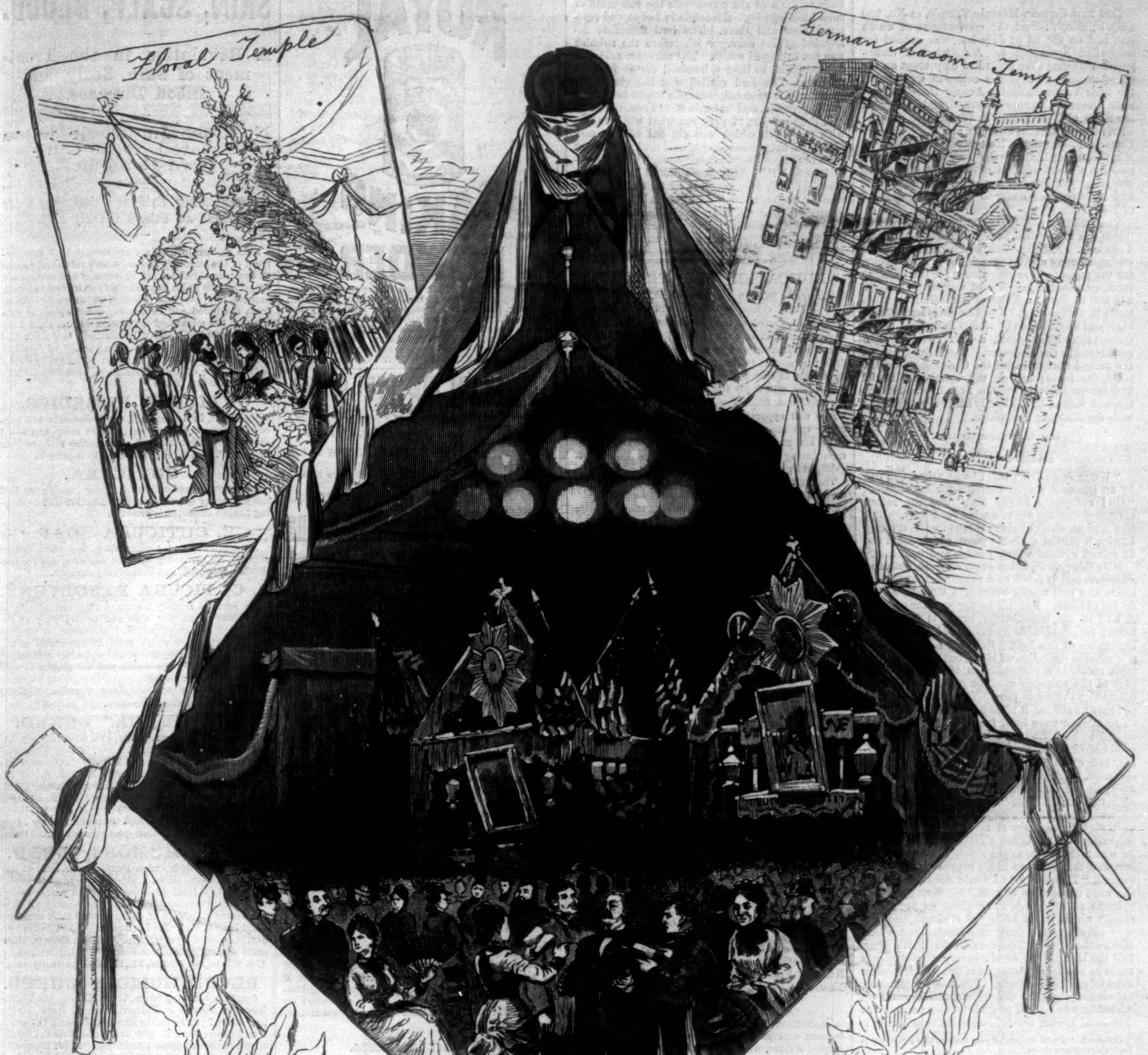
Yet he liked every other kind of subjects better than portraits, and would never have painted the latter had the public appreciated his ideal figures on his return from Europe in 1854. The cry was for portraits, and portraits he gave them, in spite of his conviction that such work was too small for him. After his return from the decoration of the Assembly-Chamber, he exclaimed, with great emphasis: "I hope I shall never go to portrait painting again. It ties me. It dwarfs me."



FAITH. HOPE. SCIENCE. DISCOVERER. FORTUNE.

THE DISCOVERER.—Photographed by J. W. Black & Co.

WILLIAM M. HUNT AND HIS WORKS.


Floral Temple
German Masonic Temple
The Post Office
Rebecca at the well

SCENES AT THE GERMAN MASONIC FAIR.—Drawn by W. P. Snyder.—[See Page 946.]

THE GERMAN MASONIC TEMPLE.

THE new German Masonic Temple, at No. 220 East Fifteenth Street, the corner-stone of which was laid on the 2d of July last, was opened for inspection November 6. A number of distinguished Masons were invited to be present on the occasion, and a bounteous collation was spread for their entertainment. Among those present were General CHARLES ROOME, Grand Master of the State of New York; M. W. Brother SIMONS; R. W. Grand Marshal SIMMONS, and R. W. Brother HORACE F. TAYLOR. Past Master FRANCIS DE MALIGNON presided at the banquet, and after making a short address of welcome, introduced the other gentlemen mentioned, who also made addresses congratulatory to the German Masons of New York.

The building cost $60,000, the greater part of which was subscribed by German Masons in New York city. A ladies' fair, which opened the following Monday night, to continue for three weeks, for the purpose of raising money for the building fund, attracted thousands of visitors. On page 945 will be found a series of interesting sketches made in the building. The Temple is four stories high, and 30 feet wide by 90 feet in depth. It has three large lodge-rooms, a lecture-room, and a restaurant in the basement. The lodge-room on the second floor is called the Corinthian; on the third, the Ionic; and on the fourth, the Doric. The lecture-room is on the first floor. Sixteen German lodges have already made arrangements with the Building Committee.

IRISH BULLS.

"WHAT *is* an Irish bull?" was asked one day by an ignorant person desirous for information. "Oh! everybody knows *that*," was the rather contemptuous answer of a mixed company. But, like a great many of those things that everybody knows, it proved a knotty point, which could not be solved without a little trouble and reflection.

Miss Edgeworth, in her essay on *Irish Bulls and Blunders*, lays it down as a principle that the essence of a bull must consist in a laughable confusion of ideas. But this hardly goes far enough. A bull is this, undoubtedly, but it is something more; for a laughable confusion of ideas does not always result in a bull. Not only must there be a laughable confusion of ideas, but this confusion must result in a contradiction of meaning—one part of the sentence must be such as utterly to contradict the other part. The statement must not only be absurd, it must be impossible. If the thing alleged were as it is stated, it would have ceased to be what it is alleged to be at all, but would have become something else totally different, and quite at variance with the rest of the sentence. For instance, the man who, on tasting an apple-pie with some quinces in it, burst out with the exclamation, "How delicious an apple-pie would be if it were made entirely of quinces!" gave a good specimen of an Irish bull. So also the sailor who had taken a dislike to a ship, when he was told that he might safely trust himself to her, and that she was finely copper-fastened, answered, "Thankee, Sir; I would not sail in her if she were coppered with gold."

Poets of every age have given us figures of speech which, if not bulls *pur et simple*, trespass very closely to the dangerous border-land which divides the sublime from the ridiculous. We often find the cart put before the horse, and statements made so needlessly strong as to be absurd, in some even of our best authors. Juvenal, for instance, informs us that poor Codrus had nothing, and yet withal he was robbed of that nothing; and in the *Timon* of Lucian the following dialogue occurs:

> GUATHO. "I will summon you before the Areopagus for injuring me thus."
>
> TIMON. "Stay but a short time, and you will have the opportunity of accusing me of your murder too."

In Milton there are a great many flights of expression which will hardly bear to be pulled to pieces. For instance, his well-known line in "Samson Agonistes:"

> "The deeds themselves, though mute, speak loud the doer."

We know quite well what is meant—we do not care to pull the expression apart—but there is certainly a contradiction in words. If the deeds were really mute, how could they speak loud? So also when Satan describes his dreadful feelings, and says,

> "And in the *lowest* deep, *lower* still,
> That threatens to devour me, opens wide."

Here the poet's daring imagination has lifted him out of ordinary every-day expression; he has snatched a grace beyond the realms of common-sense. If strictly analyzed, his words could not mean literally what he says. Of course we allow for this; we call it poetical license, a figure of speech, fine bold imagery; but if used in ordinary language, it would sound so exaggerated as to be absurd, and we might begin to whisper of the objectionable "bull." Irish people being specially smart in their speech and metaphorical in their language, are peculiarly liable to the droll blunder.

To trace the word from its earliest origin is no easy matter. Some suppose it to be derived from the old German word *bollen*, to speak foolishly; hence comes *bole* or *bull*. In support of this derivation we find that Chaucer uses the word *bole* for blunder or bull.

There is a curious passage in the works of Taylor, the Water-poet, which shows that in 1630, though the word bull had not become identified with the Irish people, yet that the power of making this special order of blunder existed among them in full force. "Nowe," he says, "that Irelande doth give birth to strange sortes of men, whose too greate quicknesse of thought doth impede their judgements, this storie which I have heard will showe. A wealthie lord of the countie of Corke had a goodlie faire house new built, but the broken bricks, tiles, sande, lime, stones, and such rubbish as are commonlie the remnants of such buildings lay confusedlie in heaps, and scattered here and there. The lord therefore demanded of his surveyor wherefore the rubbish was not conveyed awaie. The surveyor said that hee proposed to have a hundred cartes for that purpose. The lord replied that the charge of cartes might be saved, for a pitt might be digged in the grounde, and so burie it. 'Then, my lord,' said the surveyor, 'I pray you what will wee doe with the earth which wee dig out of this said pitt?' 'Why, you coxcombe,' said the lorde, 'canst thou not digge the pitt deepe enough to hold rubbish and all?'" This would indeed have been a practical bull, only equalled by that of the man who sat before a looking-glass with his eyes shut, in order that he might *see* how he looked when he was asleep, reminding us of a characteristic title of an old Irish jig, "I'm asleep, and don't wake me."

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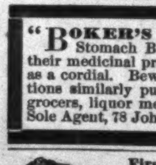

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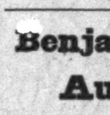

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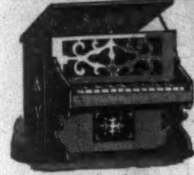

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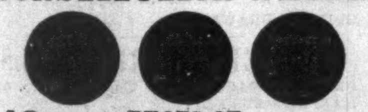

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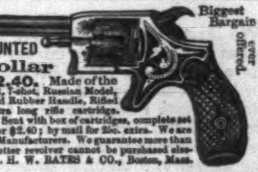

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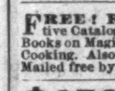

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